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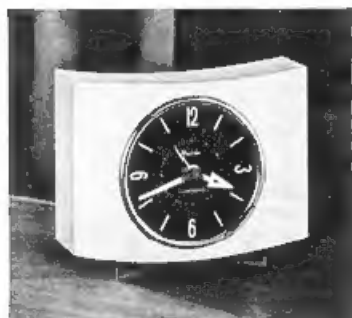
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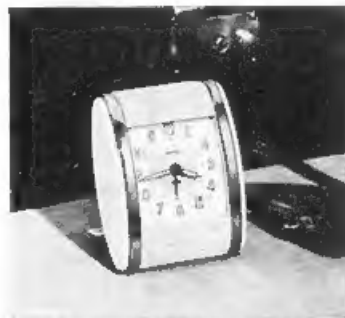
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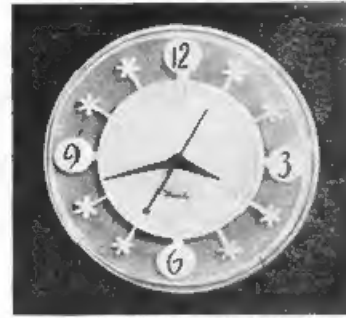
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Editorial

Only a new Commons can repair the damage to Parliament

The important question before the people of Canada is not who should have been allowed to own a gas pipeline, or when or even whether this useful project should be started. The important question is whether, and how, authority and self-respect can be restored to the Canadian Parliament.

All parties must take some blame for the breakdown of last month. Opposition as well as Liberal MPs resorted to the boeing and braying, the childish tantrums and cheap posturing that brought Parliament during the pipeline debate to its lowest pitch in history. All parties made use of any sharp practices they could devise within the rules, and the Opposition made no attempt to conceal the fact that its motive was obstruction.

But there were two critical moments which, on reflection, can be singled out as starting points of Parliament's collapse. For both the Government alone was responsible.

First was the notice of closure served before debate began.

In theory this decision is defensible. It is true that the Opposition had already threatened a filibuster that would make last year's fight against the Defense Production Act "look like a mere skirmish." It is true that strict control of debating time is commonplace in the British Parliament and that nothing in the letter of the Canadian rule forbids it.

Nevertheless the decision was a piece of bad judgment so gross as to be immoral. Closure so ruthless and summary had never been imposed before. It was being used on a measure that, in important respects, was a complete surprise to Parliament and people. It had been a surprise to the Government itself only two or three weeks before. Thus a debating time that would have been adequate for most bills seemed rather short for this one. But to make matters much worse, the Government's action had the appearance of an attempt to change the

rules after the game had actually started.

The second critical decision is indefensible even in theory. This was the action of the Rt. Hon. C. D. Howe on May 24. Mr. Howe was the first to speak on clause 1, ordinarily the occasion for general debate at the committee stage. He uttered two sentences containing about fifty words, and then moved: "That further consideration of this clause be postponed."

From that moment the authority of the chair, the general respect for its integrity and impartiality, and therefore the very foundation of parliamentary government was destroyed. No sane man would have introduced such a motion unless he were able, and knew himself able, to rely on the chairman's compliance. No matter what can be found in the fine print of the rule book to justify it, there was an obvious probability that any impartial chairman would reject such a motion as frivolous.

Mr. Howe evidently knew that the Liberal chairman would rule that his motion was in order and that the Liberal majority would run a steamroller over any appeal and thus put the seal of finality on a manifest defiance of common sense. The breakdown of Parliament followed, inevitably, this revelation.

We do not suggest that Mr. Howe intended to degrade Parliament with his motion. In any case it is a poor defense of a government to say it failed to perceive the consequences of its own acts. Moreover, there is a kind—and a dangerous kind—of arrogance in the very obtuseness that this incident revealed: in the blind unawareness that there was any impropriety in the Government's thus getting its own way.

Whether all this called for a new election or not is another secondary question. Whoever constitutes or leads it the next parliament will require a full four years of responsible conduct to repair the damage done by this one.

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MACLEAN'S

Smile, gentlemen!

Eighty-nine years and a number of far-seeing gentlemen put together around a table and declared Canada in business. Artist Peter Whalley felt the well-known painting of that historic event had unexplored possibilities for humor—and he proved it too.

iced tea



man...that's

Cool!

When you sip a tall, frosty glass of iced tea, you get a refreshing pick-up and a deep-down cool feeling that lasts . . . Wonderful! Just try it!

It's a good thought to keep iced tea on hand for thirsty members of the family and for guests who drop in. Here is a tested recipe you will want to try out:

A Quart of Iced Tea

Pour half a pint of freshly boiling water over 6 teaspoons of tea or 4 tea bags. After five minutes, pour the liquid into a quart container and make up to capacity with cold water. Made this way iced tea will hold its quality and flavour for 3-4 hours. To prevent clouding it is better not to refrigerate the tea—serve in ice-filled glasses. [If clouding should occur, just add a little boiling water to clear.]

Cut lemon in wedges or slices and serve on the side. Add sugar to taste.

For those special occasions, a sprig of mint in the glass gives a touch of glamour and adds an exciting new flavour.

Clip and keep this useful recipe



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FOR THE SAKE OF Argument

JUNE CALLWOOD SAYS

Let's end the battle of the sexes

In recent years the human race has been preoccupied as never before with earnest attempts to understand itself better, hoping piously that from better understanding will spring better relations. Still unresolved, but under optimistic scrutiny, are the problems of black man versus white, Communism versus free enterprise, East versus West and such social imponderables as juvenile delinquency, television, automation, alcoholism, calories and crime comics.

In search for answers to these and similar questions, mankind has established foundations, endowed universities, deified philosophers and statisticians and stocked libraries. But the problem that currently is least intelligently discussed is the oldest one of all: Man versus Woman. The conflict is so elderly that it no longer interests anyone but cynics, crackpots and participants in late-evening intellectual discussions. Recently I set out, with serene dispassion, to investigate this chestnut. Beginning simply with a balancing of the differences between men and women, my research soon developed a startling thesis—that men and women have much more in common than most people suspect. The attitudes, fears and misunderstandings that drive men and women apart are largely their own creation, a senseless legacy handed down through centuries.

What makes us different

It might seem that men and women are no longer even members of the same species. Modern men and women in North America have different occupations, different pressures, different illnesses, different standards of behavior and even different life expectancies. A baby boy, for example, can expect to live sixty-six years, but a baby girl has a life expectancy of seventy-one. Although men and women begin their lives with equal intelligence, according to surveys in schools, men fill the ranks of the professions and women predominate among those who take dictation, wait on tables and sell across a counter. Men suffer from heart failure and stomach ulcers, both diseases of stress, but women suffer from the diseases of frustration, neurotic complaints and waspish tempers. Men can lift heavier weights, but women have equal or surpassing endurance, a fact borne out by the number of women Channel swimmers.

A male child is expected to be interested in sports and fairly adept at several forms of athletics. A boy who



June Callwood, one of Canada's most active writers, is happily married to another busy writer, Trent Frayne.

doesn't accomplish this doesn't belong and suffers from a sense of failure. Except for a few more graceful sports, such as swimming and figure skating, a girl is expected to be neither interested in sports nor adept at them. If she can knock the cover off the baseball, she makes her family uneasy and feels a sense of embarrassment. Boys are not permitted to cry once they reach adolescence because tears are unmanly, but teen-aged girls on the rack of puberty are urged to cry it out. Growing to manhood, boys rarely look forward to marriage and fatherhood with any sense of delighted expectancy. Women, on the other hand, plan two careers. One is marriage, which is a social necessity for a woman and is therefore devoutly to be desired, and the other a career, preferably one allowing little opportunity for advancement lest she be suspected of being ambitious. Any hint of forceful drive will hurt her chances of being married, and without a husband a woman is a failure. This is clearly borne out by the character of "old maid" jokes, which depict the single woman as pathetic and ridiculous, and by the attractiveness and desirability that surround the word bachelor.

Women are not permitted, under North American house rules, to commit adultery, although the ancient reason—that women have a greater responsibility because they are child-bearing—has been largely dissipated by modern methods of birth control. Promiscuity is not inexcusable in men and even has such value for prestige that it is a major topic for exaggeration and description in locker-room conversation. Women drunks are despised but a male drunk has amusing qualities, suitable for comedy. In cartoons and vaudeville skits, the drunks are always

Continued on page 58



† Windshield sticker validates plate for 1956

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London Letter

BY BEVERLEY BAXTER

The spy thriller Eden wouldn't solve

It was eight o'clock in the evening, a time when normally the debating chamber of the House of Commons would be sparsely attended. But on this occasion the public gallery was crammed and even the peers who usually go home early were packed uncomfortably into the special space reserved for them in the lower house.

The first debate from 3.30 p.m. to 8 had been on Cyprus. Two young Cypriots had been executed in spite of appeals and threats from many sources but Eden, as prime minister, had refused to give way. More than most men he has an understanding of youth and there must have been a cruel conflict in his mind.

The socialists had denounced the execution as barbaric, stupid and sterile. Why make martyrs of two boys? Would the Tories never learn? In view of the complete bankruptcy of government policy Gaitskell moved a virtual vote of censure and the MPs went into the voting lobbies to record their votes.

With the shadow of weariness on his face Eden came back from voting and took his seat on the

from the voting lobbies and Eden is studying his notes let us take off time from this narrative to explain that in Britain we have two branches of the Secret Service, and the prime minister alone is responsible for both. No other minister but him can answer for the mysterious doings of the cloak-and-



Linnet Crabb. His disappearance put secrets in peril.

dagger men and questions are hardly ever asked.

There are two branches of this very silent service—Military Intelligence (known as MI5) which concerns itself with enemy espionage. The other is MI6 which in turn conducts espionage in enemy countries. When I tell you that the treasury vote last year for MI6 was five million pounds it will be realized that activity is on a considerable level. These sums are always voted in parliament without discussion. The Secret Service is strictly secret.

But at last the barrier of silence had been breached. A frogman with the suitable name of Crabb had suddenly become a front-page sensation as well as a presumed corpse. More than that he had become an acute embarrassment to the shaky Anglo-Russian concordat that Eden reached with Messrs. Bulganin and Khrushchev. Something had to be done. Mr. Gaitskell, as Leader of Her Majesty's Opposition, felt that nothing would meet the situation but a full-dress debate on the subject in the House of Commons.

The Secret Service was to be stripped of its mystery. It had broken its code by being found out.

Continued on page 34



Russian cruiser Ordzhonikidze. Do its men know where Crabb went?

front bench opposite the historic dispatch box. There was no respite for him, no dinner interval. As soon as the figures of the Cyprus vote were announced he had to face a situation of such delicacy that normally it would never be a subject for debate at all. In other words Gaitskell, breaking with tradition, was to arraign Eden as the minister responsible in the house for the Secret Service.

While the MPs are returning



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it gets cheaper by the mile!



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 whether you drive your car a little or a lot. So, the more you
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In fact, over the year, your cost per mile for 15,000 miles
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Backstage at Ottawa

WITH BLAIR FRASER



Continued by Groulx

The government didn't like any alternative but Howe was fighting time.

How the Grits' power play backfired

If the Liberal government is beaten at the next election — a prospect less unlikely now than it has been for twenty-one years — this session of parliament will appear in retrospect as a *Gritterdimmung*, or Twilight of the Grits. Political historians may well conclude that the Liberals fell, not because of any one policy, and certainly not a pipeline policy of which the average voter knew little and cared less, but because they failed to observe the proper limits of power.

They had an obedient majority which would vote as it was told. They knew that given sufficient time, and firm agreement within their own cabinet, this majority could pass any reasonable bill the cabinet wanted. They believed, probably rightly, that the general public hadn't much interest in the complexities of the pipeline bill.

From these quite sensible premises the Liberals drew a dangerous conclusion—that they could do as they liked with parliament. Already, events have shown that the conclusion was more than dangerous, it was wrong.

It was late April before anybody knew that Trans-Canada Pipe Lines Ltd. would need any more help from the Crown than the building of a "bridge" line through the empty wilderness of western Ontario, which Ottawa had already promised to do in co-operation with the Ontario government. But then, when the bill to build a "bridge" line had already had

some preliminary debate, the government suddenly learned that this help would not be enough to start the pipeline job this year.

The Trans-Canada company discovered, or revealed, that it could not raise the eighty million dollars to build the western section, from Alberta to Winnipeg. This news confronted the Liberal government with three unpalatable alternatives.

First alternative: to give up all idea of starting in 1956 and postpone the whole thing for at least a year. This was the course the Trans-Canada people recommended, but the government turned it down. Alberta's need for a gas market, Winnipeg's need for cheap fuel, Ontario's impending power shortage—all argued against delay. Moreover, the Liberals wanted the pipeline started and its western leg completed before the federal election.

Second alternative: to buy up the assets of the Trans-Canada Pipe Lines—its options for pipe, its contracts for gas, its franchise and its right of way—and build the pipeline as a state-owned public utility. Trans-Canada Pipe Lines is said to have been willing if not anxious to sell. The government said no, it didn't want to go into the gas business.

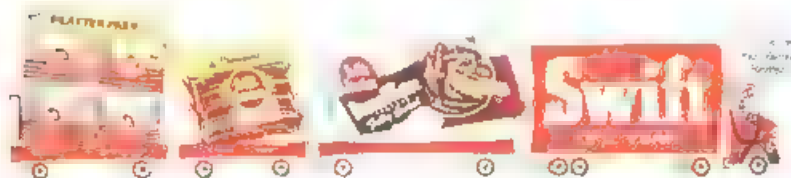
The third alternative was the government's own idea. Since the banks were unwilling to lend Trans-Canada eighty million dollars until the whole project was farther along toward certainty and solvency, Continued on page 56



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WHEN BETTER AUTOMOBILES ARE BUILT

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The Rothschilds' fabulous stake in Canada

By Peter C. Newman

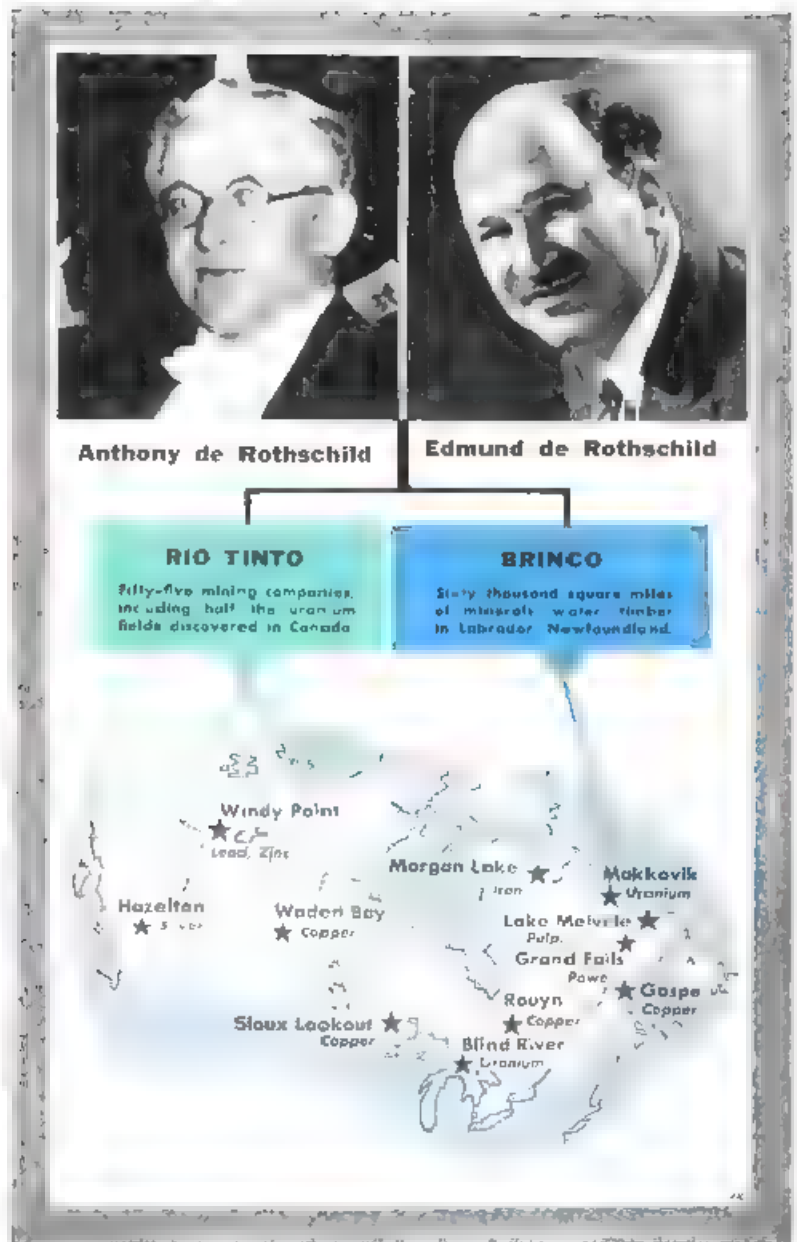
SAYS ANTHONY DE ROTHSCHILD:

"There was the De Beers diamond mine,

then the loan that helped

Disraeli buy the Suez. Now this.

This could be the biggest of them all"



The map shows the extent of the Rothschilds' mineral resources interests in Canada. But they're also in real estate, insurance, money lending and many other enterprises.

LAST WINTER twenty Quorok Eskimos and two bearded prospectors herded ten husky-drawn sleds loaded with six tons of iron ore through northern Quebec's numbing cold from Morgan Lake to an inlet off Ungava Bay, just below the 60th Parallel. Like thousands of other Canadians who do not realize it, the members of this Arctic caravan were working for M. M. Rothschild & Sons, the world's most powerful private bank, which has during the past four years cautiously and secretly acquired a huge stake in Canada.

The ore was being brought out from deposits owned by Oceanic Iron Ore Co. (Canada) Ltd. in trans-shipment to metallurgical laboratories in Montreal after spring breakup. Oceanic is a subsidiary of Technica Mine Consultants Ltd., which in turn is owned by Rio Tinto Mining Co.

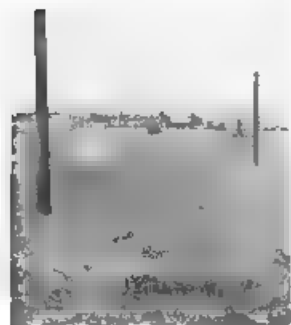
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Where the Rothschilds are building their new empire



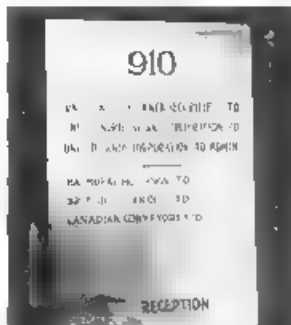
Northern Quebec

Esquimo dog teams freight iron ore for testing. Rothschilds have mines or mineral rights in eight provinces.



Clarkson, Ont.

Rothschild money will build up a new town of 3,000 homes here.



Toronto

Investment firm pours millions into enterprises across Canada.



Labrador

At Grand Falls they plan the world's biggest hydro-power plant.

of Canada. The Rothschilds stand at the top of this corporate spiral by virtue of holding the largest single share of Rio Tinto's English parent company.

The Canadian empire of the Rothschilds now includes:

- An area bigger than England and Wales containing nearly all the unstaked mineral and timber resources of Labrador and Newfoundland. Uranium deposits which could be the continent's largest have already been found in this area. Among its other riches is a waterfall twice as high as Niagara when fully harnessed it will produce more power than any existing power installation in the world.

- A substantial interest in the Rio Tinto group of fifty-five Canadian mining companies with shafts and claims in seven provinces. These

properties include three quarters of the Blind River district's known uranium reserves, and mills that may eventually produce one million dollars worth of uranium a day.

- A cluster of companies across Canada which sell Canadians fire and casualty insurances, lend money to Vancouver car buyers, roll steel in Edmonton, and make barrel hoops at Malton, Ont.

- Nine hundred acres just twenty miles west of Toronto City Hall on which Rothschild money is building an entire new town.

The Rothschilds do not associate their name with any of these enterprises. Few if any of their Canadian customers are aware that they are dealing with the same family that financed Britain's purchase of the Suez Canal and underwrote Cecil Rhodes' development of the prodigious

De Beers diamond fields in South Africa. Or generally insignificant money lenders then hockade runners and international financiers, the Rothschilds emerged by 1818 as history's most influential bankers. They had Europe at their feet in a way Napoleon never had. In fact, Rothschild gold financed the ambitious emperor's defeat.

The Rothschild invasion of Canada had its genesis four years ago during a luncheon in the private dining room of the family bank in London. The host was Anthony de Rothschild, the firm's senior partner. The guest of honor was Joseph Smallwood, who was stumping Europe for risk capital to develop Newfoundland and Labrador. Six months of negotiation followed. Smallwood offered to cede all remaining crown lands in the province to prospectors so that the Rothschilds could choose a fifty-thousand-square-mile concession out of the seventy-one thousand unstaked square miles of Labrador and half of Newfoundland's unstaked twenty thousand square miles. This would give the Rothschilds first choice in an area considerably larger than the combined size of Nova Scotia, New Brunswick and Prince Edward Island.

All mineral, power and lumber resources of the concession (which would gradually decrease to one third the size as useless ground was explored and discarded) would belong to the Rothschilds. In return Smallwood demanded that the Rothschilds spend five million dollars exploring the territory over a period of twenty years and pay the provincial government an eight-percent royalty on profits.

The offer granted domain over three times as much territory as the entire Labrador by the Iron Ore Co. of Canada, which is now developing iron-ore deposits at Knob Lake. It was taken up by a syndicate made up of thirty of England's largest companies and a few Canadian investment houses, headed by N. M. Rothschild & Sons. Assets of the partners in the bold new enterprise called British Newfoundland Corporation (and soon nicknamed "Brinco") exceeded five billion dollars—more than the Canadian government's entire annual budget. Smallwood claimed it was "the biggest real-estate deal on this continent in this century." Sir Winston Churchill called the scheme "a grand imperial concept."

While Malco M. Hallett, member of Newfoundland's Progressive Conservative opposition, was still attacking passage of the bill to authorize the huge concession, Brinco was setting up exploration headquarters at North West River, a small settlement near Goose Bay, Canada's greatest game of geological hide-and-seek was under way. During the next twenty-four months Brinco engineers picked their concession in lines from a desolate rock-and-ice-strewn land that ranks among this continent's least explored territories. At first they had little more to work from than wall-type maps.

During the summer of 1953 the company's float-equipped Beavers ferried survey parties on more than a thousand sorties. Aircraft crisscrossed with geophysical equipment crisscrossed the region in the winter. During the summer of 1954 a Bell helicopter and the BRINCO's forty-six-ton motor launch, joined the search. To make sure no likely mineralization areas were being overlooked the company hired Claude K. Howse, Newfoundland's top geologist who had been provincial deputy minister of mines, to guide its 228-man prospecting corps.

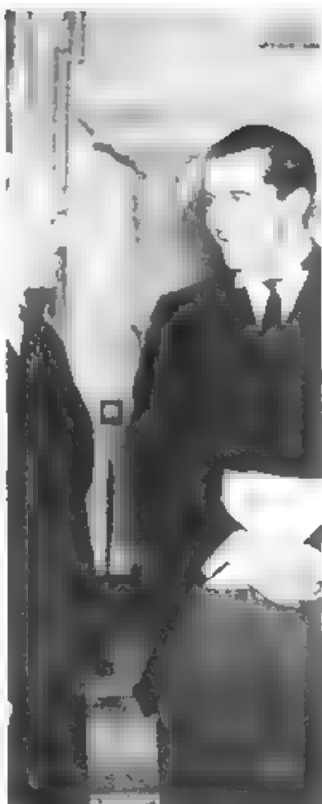
By the end of 1954 boundaries of the Brinco concessions were established and so was their future importance. Ten miles southwest of Makkovik, a missionary outpost on Labrador's

How the Rothschilds' wealth and whims became a legend



James

He spent fortune on horses. Another Rothschild sponsored Paris actresses.



Third Lord Rothschild

No banker, he won medals in war, joined Labor Party, played jazz.



Lionel Walter

He quit the bank to study rare bugs and drive his four zebras in London.



Maurice

His social life was news in *Times*, but family business is usually secret.



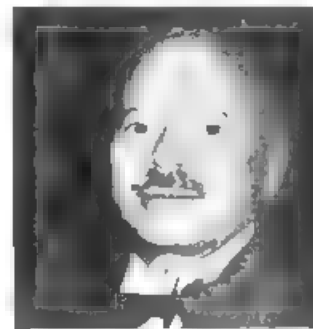
Renée

Many Rothschilds marry Rothschilds. Anthony's daughter wed an outsider.



Baron James

He's a pillar of French branch. The family also flourishes in England.



Louis

When Nazis captured him Rothschilds got him free for \$21 million.



Mrs. Anthony and children

They're also part owners in the world's biggest, richest private bank.

east coast. Brinco geologists traced a radioactive occurrence eight miles wide and eighty-five miles long that Premier Smallwood predicts will eventually outrank the Beaverlodge and Blind River uranium strikes. Brinco crews also uncovered significant iron-ore, titanium, copper, lead, zinc, nickel, asbestos and cobaltum deposits, and outlined nearly twenty million cords of virgin timber—the basis of a possible pulp-and-paper industry at Goose Bay, fed by a new railroad opening up the Labrador interior.

But the prize asset of Brinco's northern kingdom is the foaming Hamilton River, which drops seventeen hundred feet in its wild cascade from the upper Labrador plateau into Lake Melville, at Goose Bay. About two hundred miles from its mouth the stream is broken by a succession of steep cataracts, finally plunging over a 302-

foot vertical precipice into Bowdoin Canyon with a roar audible fifty miles away.

This is Grand Falls, the site of one of the world's largest hydro potentials. Brinco engineers are now working on plans to divert the Hamilton through artificial lakes and retaining dykes that will allow a full 1,050-foot head to be harnessed in a single power plant, producing an ultimate four to five million horsepower. (The largest existing power installation is the Grand Coulee dam on the Columbia River in the northwestern U. S. It produces a peak load of 3,102,000 horsepower.) "If Grand Falls had been in some of the developed areas of Canada," says Senator C. C. Pratt, of St. John's, a Brinco director, "it would probably by this time have become the greatest power aid to industry in the world."

A report by Brinco's consulting engineers predicts Grand Falls can produce electricity at the lowest per-horsepower cost in Canada, partly because the main dam can be built entirely of rock from nearby pits. "The generators," the study states, "will be larger than any now in existence." The main problem will be selling the huge power load. An aluminum smelter is being considered. Power short Montreal is only seven hundred miles away. Brinco is now building a hundred-mile access road to Grand Falls from Mile 286 of the Quebec North Shore Railroad. And the corporation recently said it would build a 250-mile transmission line from Grand Falls to Seven Islands.

The investigations leading up to the decision to develop Grand Falls underlined the cautious course followed.

Continued on page 54



What is it—even the inventor did Haley isn't sure

**WHAT
YOU
DON'T
NEED
TO
KNOW
ABOUT**



It's partly visual—singer La Vern Baker reassures

rock 'n roll

The other day we asked our Miss Moon to find out all about the latest musical craze.

Here is her somewhat confused report





NOT LONG AGO a Toronto eighteen-year-old was fined fifty dollars for riding his motorcycle with his hands on the seat. A car radio was playing a real-gone-rock n' roll song, he defended himself. "I just had to keep my eye to the sound."

That sound is the latest teenage craze. And in the two years since it became epidemic rock n' roll has been responsible for more than mere careless driving. It has, for example:

- + Picked the biggest variable arenas in the biggest cities of the continent for some of the biggest gross revenues in entertainment history.
- + Produced a social movement fully worthy of the previous overnight sensation.
- + Stimulated smoke dances, cop-baiting and other social sins, and maximum in many centres of teenagers' social life on a sub-way car or a rock n' roll-infused A.M. drive.

For such reasons as these I was assigned recently to investigate the phenomenon for Maclean's "What is it and why is it?" the editors wanted to know.

Castings are not for a genuine skirt I put in a call to Edward Cravner, a CAC skid jockey in London who is supposed to be abreast of such movements.

What exactly is "skid" in the "skid"? Cravner objects to such a word. The pasteurized word is "skid" and it is the most explicit and the form of the word today removes all inhibitions. Among things which Cravner was accessible I discovered after learning that I was free to myself I am called as a "skid". It's something a lot of people are, so often it is not gets into you. I can't rightly tell you my better than the I.

I was told a "skid" (Continued on page 3)

Just look at
the old
ice-cream parlor
now!



Car-hops direct traffic in four-hundred-car parking lot at the Stoney Creek (Ont.) Dairy



With flashing lights, car-hops and spectacular sundaes, the quiet cozy rendezvous where grandpa courted grandma is a booming drive-in now . . . like George Dawson's, where twelve thousand may drop by on Sunday



22 flavors are a treat for kids, and at Christmas, plum pudding ice cream too.

By Trent Frayne

PHOTOS BY LOU HUSMAN



On peak days dairy sells twelve hundred gallons of ice cream in many mixes, colors.



"Super sundaes include 'superduper,'" which towers above glass, costs forty-five cents.

It's a good bet that almost every Canadian past the age of forty has a nostalgic memory of the old-fashioned ice-cream parlor, a reigning social institution in the dewy youth of the century. It was there that scrubbed swains held hands under wicker-legged tables with blushing maidens while they sipped calibke at each other over tall, enchanting glasses. It was there that young lovers walked of a summer evening in the early days of the horseless carriage. It was the invariable destination after a band concert in the park, a boat ride in the lake or a live-seat movie. It was there that the young blades assembled after a chess game of croquet or a noisy set of tennis and I had such grace and dignity that its tables were never barracked with fiends of chewing gum.

The ice-cream parlor was the shrine of the age—where teenage virtue was rewarded with peaks of strawberry chocolate and vanilla capped with cherries and whipped cream. But alas it has gone the way of the Model-T as he truly paid down.

Yet just as the Tin Lizzie and the Tolls have been replaced by peace-colored convertibles and sleek nylon, so has the old ice-cream parlor been superseded by a modern concrete parlor—the sawdust floor with more asphalt than a service station, a twenty-foot, thin-rimmed sign shaped like an ice-cream cone, a bevy of car-hop waitresses dressed almost entirely in skin and huge chains of roadside outlets like the Howard Johnson restaurants in the United States that serve twenty-eight (count 'em) twenty-eight flavors.

In Canada the new kind of ice-cream parlor has reached its apex in the unlikely little town of Stony Creek, Ont., a historic fruit-growing community in the Niagara Peninsula. The busiest place in town day and night is a low-rambling red-brick-and-stone collection of additions and more additions called the Stony Creek Dairy. But it's not a dairy at all—it is the old ice-cream parlor in modern dress. Here on a hot and humid holiday, six uniformed young men with crewcuts are employed to direct cars that roll often bumper-to-bumper into the dairy's black-topped parking lot from all over the peninsula. They come principally from Hamilton, which is just a few miles west but they also come from Buffalo, fifty miles south and from Toronto, forty-one miles east. On such a day twelve thousand people will pour through the little town of 3,451 residents and will buy twelve hundred gallons of ice cream, four hundred pounds of bananas, six hundred quarts of milk, ten gallons of sundae syrups, thirty-five pounds of nuts and four thousand cherries. Of the twelve hundred gallons of ice cream, a good five hundred will be in bulk, generally half-gallon cartons, or home freezers.

"People figure we're exaggerating when we quote them these figures," remarks the dairy's owner, a plain, bald, forty-nine-year-old ex-farmer named George Dawson. "Well, we just let 'em look for themselves."

It's an arresting sight. The cars line up side by side in long rows as they're directed into a parking lot that can accommodate four hundred cars. Fathers climb out from behind the wheels and line up in winding queues before the windows of stock glass from which at night diffused colored lights glow. They give their orders to high-school girls in white nylon uniforms, as many as forty-five of them working over long rows of ice-cream containers in a wide, spindly booth on the parking-lot side of the dairy. Then the customers carry aluminum trays back to their cars, carelessly balancing double-decker cones or lavish sundaes.

The parking lot is spotted with sections for outdoor tables under mahogany.



(Continued on page 46)

The great cross-Canada hike

With wolves sometimes snapping at their heels, through snow and storm, five people walked from Halifax to Vancouver. Mile by bitter mile, here's the footrace that stirred all Canada back in 1921



In the cold, high mountain passes and rock cuts of British Columbia five strangely assorted figures—four men and a woman—plodded wearily and determinedly westward on the first days of June 1921. They had come a long way. Their faces were tanned and burned by the sun and wind. They were thin, leg-weary and footsore. Their nerves were worn and their minds bitter. To people they met in the small mountain railway towns they made angry accusations against the other walkers, calling them cheats and liars.

They were miles apart as they walked—four of them in teams of two and one man by himself. At every whistle stop telegraph keys excitedly chattered the news of their progress. All over Canada thousands of people anxiously called newspaper offices and asked: Who is ahead now? How far to go?

For this was one of the most memorable treks in Canadian history—an almost incredible hike of 3,645 miles from Halifax to Vancouver, across Canada, in about four and a half months. It was started as a lark by two young men with a feeling of wanderlust and nothing better to do. It ended in a grueling, bizarre and bitter race as five people wore themselves to exhaustion satisfying a clamorous country-wide guessing game as to who could walk farthest and fastest.

From Saint John, N.B., to Vancouver they all followed the same route along the railway tracks of the C.P.R. They walked through winter blizzards in the Maritimes and Quebec, snow- and rainstorms in Ontario and the cold and muddy spring of the prairies. One team got on the wrong track and walked a hundred miles the wrong way. Others were pursued by wolves and fought them off with guns. They slept in Canada's best hotels and in trackside shanties. They were honored by politicians and by socialites eager to share their twilight. They paid their own way by selling postcards to the thousands who came out to see them in cities and hamlets. They suffered frostbite, blisters, hunger and exhaustion and in wild stretches of mountain or bush they were sometimes afraid for their lives. In return they were widely acclaimed.

Their fame and success ended as abruptly as it began—almost the moment they reached Vancouver—after they had walked from January to June. The long hike left none of them rich or lustingly famous. Today only a frenzy of old newspaper records commemorates their effort. But they were the real Canadian pioneers in the freakish field that later witnessed such sagacious demonstrations as marathon dancing, flagpole sitting, goldfish swallowing and long-distance swims.

Like these others, the great cross-country hike originated in one man's idle whim. The man was Charles Barkman, born in Port Arthur, Ont., but who, in the winter of 1920-21, found himself in Halifax and out of work. He had a friend, Sid Carr of Halifax, and one day, footloose and thinking of adventure, Barkman suggested they start walk- *Continued on page 46*

Frank and Jennie Dill walked 3,645 miles in 131 days to win the longest race held in Canada. Her breeches shocked everyone.

"Far from being indispensable he has become the biggest single menace to a stable pro-Western policy in West Germany."



BLAIR FRASER, back from Germany, reports on

The alarming truth about Konrad Adenauer

We call him a friend but this Grand Old Man of Germany is really a threat to pro-Western policy, an autocrat who rules alone and who could lead West Germany to political chaos or worse

FOR SEVERAL years ever since the Federal Republic of Germany emerged from the rubble of Hitler's Reich as friend instead of foe, one of the half-dozen most important men in the world has been an elderly, scholarly, middle-Rhinelander whose highest previous eminence had been the lord mayor's chair in a middle-sized German city.

Konrad Adenauer, in the eyes of millions at home and abroad, has been both architect and symbol of the new, free, friendly Germany. He has appeared as the strongest, if not the only, link that binds West Germany to the free world. He has been friend and confidant of a succession of Western statesmen: Churchill and Truman, Eden and Eisenhower and Dulles, Schuman of France and Spaak of Belgium—everyone who stands for the unity of Europe and of Christendom. The more Germany grew to strength and prosperity, the more her amazing recovery made her a cornerstone of the whole Western alliance, the more Konrad Adenauer stood forth as Europe's indispensable man.

Adenauer is eighty years old. He won't discuss or even allow discussion of a successor. It's natural that many people should be afraid that when this towering figure does disappear, as he must in the course of nature before very long, the result in West Germany will at best be political chaos, at worst a disgruntled neutralism or even defection of Germany to the Soviet bloc.

So it was a surprise to find in recent talks with German politicians that they look to Adenauer's retirement with no alarm at all, no apprehension whatever about the stability of Germany either politically or economically. Indeed, a better case can be made for precisely the opposite fear: that Konrad Adenauer, far from being the indispensable man, has become an actual obstacle to a stable, pro-Western policy in West Germany.

Adenauer's party, the Christian Democrats, is wholly committed to firm co-operation with the West and refusal to make any separate deal with Soviet Russia or East Germany. In the present German parliament the Christian Democrats have a clear majority—250 of 487 seats. But even the Christian Democrats themselves have no hope of another

such majority after the federal election next year. A coalition is inevitable.

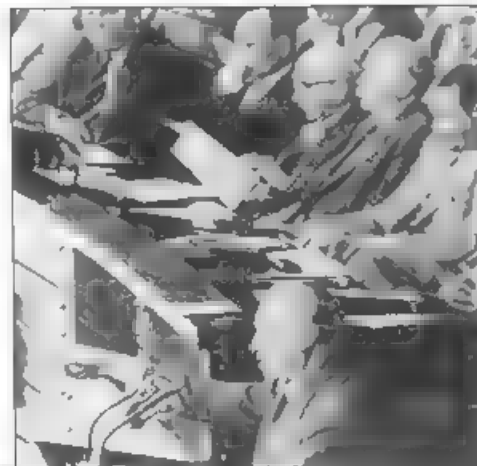
If the Christian Democrats are part of the governing coalition they will dominate it. The strongly pro-Western Dr. Heinrich von Brentano will still be Germany's foreign minister if, indeed he has not taken Adenauer's place as chancellor. *(Continued on page 66)*

"Germany's other political parties

are united on one point:

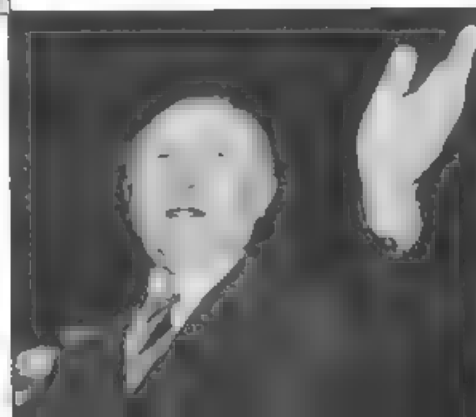
"We cannot and

will not work with Konrad Adenauer."



"He's eighty years old yet he won't discuss or even co-operate in the discussion of a successor."

"We have this much in common with the Communists... we too have the problem of getting rid of the Cult of Personality."



END

THE LIBERAL STRANGLEHOLD ON OTTAWA!

NOW YOU TOO

can look like beautiful

REGINA LEE!

Vote for

THE SCIENCE

PARTY

and give yourself a lift!



They say the Liberal Party has been in power a hundred years now.

But they're not telling the truth.

Why don't they admit it? Because they're ashamed, that's why. They'd rather forget

When every woman looked like Regina Lee

By Blanche Howard

ILLUSTRATED BY OSCAR

I guess everyone in Canada knows that this is the year we celebrate the Liberal government's hundredth consecutive year in office. Just think of that! The Liberal Centennial. Hardly seems possible, does it?

Well, it isn't possible. Oh I know. I know what you're going to say. In Halifax they're lining up the whole Canadian Navy and decorating all the ships that have been around for the entire hundred years, and in Toronto the churches are going to have a special evening service every night for a week. Out in Saskatchewan they're sending two rocketloads of people to the moon (mostly folks who still hanker for the CCF and don't want to stay around anyway), and in Alberta they're giving away an oil well to every one born in 1935—the year the Liberals started this hundred-year run. In Vancouver they're unveiling a totem pole of all the Liberal prime ministers during the hundred years. Mackenzie King being on the bottom. Even the CBC is composing a lively piece for the occasion, called *The Hundred Year Liturgy in G-Flat Minor*, for Harpsichord and Glockenspiel.

One hundred years—we have no peers!—that's the slogan. It should be some celebra-

tion! I'll bet those people on the moon will wish they'd stayed here, but then I guess a lot of the ones here will wish they'd gone along to the moon at least for a day or two.

But what I'm saying is, it's a lie. And what's more, pin them down and you can make them admit it, even though it's not in any of the official books, either here or south of the border. You'd think the opposition party would really play it up, wouldn't you? I mean, about this centennial celebration—a hundred years of steady, democratic Liberal government—being just so much hogwash. Especially when the opposition were the ones who came into power for six brief months, when I was a boy. Well, I'll tell you why they aren't mentioning it—they're ashamed. And I'll tell you why they aren't mentioning it in the United States—they're ashamed too. And I'll tell you why the Liberal Party doesn't need to mention it—they figure nobody who remembers it is going to feel like talking about it, and everyone is perfectly happy to forget all about it.

Everyone except me. I'm still pretty mad about the whole thing. I know there's lots of folks my age. I'll be seventy-seven next birthday—but most of them feel that the sooner they forget all about it the better. But me, I've got a grudge against the Liberal Party. I'm never rightly going to forget

You see, most of the rest of the people in this country lived a lot farther south than Dad and I did. In fact, you couldn't live much farther north—little place called Eskimo Land, up north of the Arctic Circle. We used to trap furs up there. In those days women wore fur coats and jackets and such things to keep warm in winter, and also because they were considered very stylish. It was kind of lonely work, but when we'd see pictures of elegant ladies dressed up in their lovely furs, it made us feel as though we were doing our bit for mankind. You don't get that feeling with these modern glass things. Life is getting so mechanized.

Well, times do change and you can't stop progress I guess. But that was the style back in 1973. At that time, the Liberals had been in power steady for thirty-eight years, and everyone was getting a little tired of it. Even the Liberals were getting tired of it. In fact they were getting so tired of it that they introduced a bill in parliament that year offering financial support to other parties so they could get their campaigns organized. The truth is, everyone in the government was fed up with Ottawa in winter, and wanted to be free to go to Hawaii. Of course they didn't say that—the reason they gave was that democracy depended on the two-party system, so please, why doesn't some other party get to be the

Continued on page 42

Clowns were set up in every major Canadian city, and soon the streets were filled with platypus wenches.



The Holiday Boy: gourmet, conversationalist, music lover, critic, gourmet

ROBERT THOMAS ALLEN TELLS

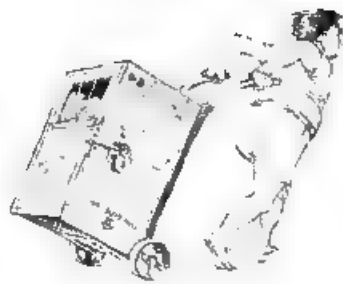
How to handle your



The minute school closes
they begin to get bored and to drive
you crazy. Should you
lock the door? Have a nervous breakdown?
No! Here's what Bob suggests

ILLUSTRATED BY DUNCAN MACPHERSON

kids



in the holidays



Kids go to seed with too much holiday leisure, says Bob. His plan: put them to work.

Pretty soon now the kids will arrive home, drop their books, pencil boxes, drawings of trips, report cards and class photographs somewhere between the front door and the bread box, and begin their summer holidays. For the next two months they'll slam in and out of screen doors, make sandwiches, leave refrigerator doors open, pester their parents for cones, shows, swims and transportation, and wander around in utter boredom chanting, "What'll I do-o-o-o-o?"

Their mothers will give them a variety of answers. From "Why don't you weave a basket?" in July to, "Get lost," in late August when their nerves have been frayed by the two months of the year toughest for women.

Perhaps, before long, society will come up with an idea for an organized summer period for children. In the meantime parents can make things a lot easier on themselves during the two months the kids are home if they observe a few rules. One of the first is that children should have some planned work to do. Children can't stand endless leisure any more than adults can, but they don't realize this. They chant "No more pencils, no more books . . ." just as ecstatically

as if they meant it, but within a few hours they'll be lying around looking as if they'd been tossed there from an upstairs window. They'll sprawl face down across hammocks, singing Christmas carols to ants, balance glasses of milk on their chests, sit on hot-om steps holding their spinnels, ears up straight and stare into their eyes, and generally look as bored as people waiting for a late bus.

Last summer I watched in fascination while one little boy, obviously bored again, suddenly being freed from doing arithmetic, jumped eight hundred and sixty-nine times on his pogo stick until his pants started to come off and my head was going up and down with him. Some people might call this play, but during the whole chore his expression was as sad as if somebody had just turned off the TV. This kid wasn't playing; he was afraid to get off his pogo stick and face the utter lack of purpose in life.

The fact is, children can get just as bored and unhappy as adults, and look worse doing it because they can do it in more positions. They should be given enough to do to help them regain a bit of zest for their free time. But that isn't the only reason for putting them to work.

Kids, suddenly released from the order and discipline of school life, will go to seed unless he is to certain forms and customs. Giving a youngster some work to do is like making a man dress for dinner in the jungle. A kid on summer holidays is inclined to think that fall is as far away as old age and completely lose track of time and responsibility.

I knew one little boy who, for ten months of the year, used to step out smartly for school, with a handful of brisk plans for the day, but who during July and August had no more moral fibre than a popsicle. He'd wake up in the morning, yawn, blink at the sun, scratch himself and come downstairs, looking somehow, as if he needed a shave. He'd ask what day it was, make some toast and slop back to his bedroom to read comic books for the day.

He probably would have stewed away on a schooner in the fab if his father hadn't been an hour late leaving for work one morning and watched, with his orange juice poised in one hand and the morning paper in the other, in horrified silence while his only son passed a few feet away without seeing him. The father exploded to his wife: "From . . ."

(Continued on page 57)



We were able to enable our son's life and we will. Ruth Peter and Frank Barker after the operation that changed their lives.



A sudden violent illness left our "perfect baby" on the dim edge of consciousness, his body wracked by convulsions, his brain a shattered blank. This is the story of that ordeal and

The miracle that saved our son's mind

BY FRANK R. BARKEY

EDITED BY PETER CROYDON

IS it possible for a human being to live a normal, productive life with half a brain? For more than a year my son, aged nine, has been living the answer to this startling question.

Eighteen months ago Peter survived hemispherectomy—removal by surgery of one of the two major lobes of the brain. First reported by Dr. Krynauw, a South African neurosurgeon, this rare surgical feat has been attempted only in a limited way.

Four years ago at the age of five, Peter was committed to an institution—hopelessly retarded mentally, physically crippled, and the victim of as many as twenty convulsive seizures each day. Today he has the memory of a fearsome journey to the rim of the unknown and of return, a huge white turban concealing the great scar arching across his head, evidence of a surgeon's genius. One amazing fact has already emerged. His mentality, crippled at the age of sixteen months, is expanding and probing for knowledge, absorbing ideas like a starved sponge. His convulsive seizures are gone and a completely new personality operates on a higher intellectual level, still climbing. The shadow of an institution grows dimmer.

The first part of Peter's story is not unique. Estimates place the number of mentally defective children in the United States and Canada at nearly two million. Behind this figure lies untold heartbreak, sacrifice, smothering financial burdens. For six years we were members of a great host which moves across the land seeking relief, only to find disappointment and frustration. We were fortunate. We were able to gamble the life of our son—and we won. Today the mind of an intelligent boy is slowly emerging from the chaos left in the wake of an unnamed, brain-scarring disease difficult to diagnose be-

cause of its close resemblance to another destroyer called encephalitis.

In Canada each year a small number of children have encephalitis. Not easily recognized, encephalitis appears in a number of forms and strikes without warning. It is caused by a number of viruses, few of them isolated, which invade the central nervous system and the grey matter of the brain. No known method exists to detect the virus before symptoms appear and then it is too late. First symptoms may seem as colorless and insignificant as a simple cold. Or they may appear as raging fever, convulsions or vomiting, and terminate in deep coma. An other group of children, like Peter, have a convulsion that, for no apparent cause, continues for hours and also terminates in deep coma. These children, those who survive, are left a terrible legacy of mental deficiency, paralysis, convulsive seizures, defective vision or any combination of these. Peter was left with all of them. Damage to the brain results in the formation of scar tissue over the affected areas. The functioning of these areas becomes erratic or stops, like an intricate electrical switchboard that suddenly develops many short circuits.

In the hospital, age seven months, a twisted little body lay motionless except for an arm waving vaguely in the air. Eyes stared fixedly, unseeing, unrecognizing. Nothing aroused any sign of mental response. We stood in a deserted hospital corridor looking through glass at what was left of our son. We were long past tears. A grey, vacant numbness surrounded our senselessness like a protecting wall. We drew closer together, mother and father, as if for protection against an unseen scourge.

One morning, three weeks previously, we had wakened to the crying of our son.

Continued on next page

"IT HAPPENED TO US"

This is one of a new series of personal experience stories that will appear from time to time in Maclean's. Stories told by its readers about some interesting dramatic event in their lives.

HAVE YOU SUCH A STORY? If so, send it to the articles editor, Maclean's Magazine, 481 University Ave., Toronto. For publishable stories Maclean's will pay its regular article rates.

Maclean's Movies

RATED BY CLYDE GEMOIR



BEST BET

The Catered Affair: Ernest Borgnine plays a taxi driver who is buggered by Bette Davis, his headstrong wife. A squawk, then the savings on a wedding reception for their daughter. Paula Chayevsky, author of *Marty*, also wrote the television play on which this Bronx domestic comedy-drama is based. It's not as good as its predecessor, but it's well worth seeing just the same. Miss Davis is visibly out of her element but often brilliantly effective. As the bride, Debbie Reynolds displays a new-found maturity and skill.

Bhowani Junction: A fresh Anglo-Indian beauty (Ava Gardner) and a brusque British colonel (Stewart Granger) are the lovers in a long, loud and richly atmospheric CinemaScope version of the John Masters novel. Rating fair.

Lucky Kid: Although pictorially vivid, this is a complicated and over-arty British drama in which a small boy in a London tenement imagines his pet goat is a magic unicorn.

The Revolt of Mamie Stover: A dull and distasteful yarn about a money-mad "entertainer"—but you know what she really is—who unmasses a fortune in Honolulu. With Jane Russell, Richard Egan.

23 Paces to Baker Street: Hollywood-financed, British-made, this is a tongue-bait better-than-average suspense mystery. It has to do with a blind playwright (Van Johnson) who stumbles into a sinister London conspiracy. With Vera Miles, Cecil Parker.

GEMOIR'S GUIDE TO THE CURRENT CROP

Alexander the Great: Spectacle. Fair.
An Alligator Named Daisy: British comedy. Fair.
Anything Goes: Musical. Good.
Autumn Leaves: Drama. Good.
The Benny Goodman Story: Jazz movie biography. Good.
The Birds & the Bees: Comedy. Fair.
Bottom of the Hammer: Drama. Fair.
Carousell: Musical. Excellent.
Cash on Delivery: Comedy. Poor.
Come Next Spring: Drama. Good.
The Conquerors: Historical melodrama. Fair.
The Court Jesters: Comedy. Excellent.
Crime in the Streets: Drama. Poor.
The Dam Busters: Air war. Excellent.
Diabolique: Horror mystery. Good.
Five Boys From Barka Street: Polish drama. Fair.
Forbidden Planet: Science-fiction. Good.
Guardies: Scottish comedy. Good.
Guys and Dolls: Musical. Excellent.
The Harder They Fall: Drama. Good.
Hilda Crane: Drama. Fair.
Hot Blood: Gypsy drama. Fair.
I'll Cry Tomorrow: Drama. Good.
Johnny Concho: Western. Good.
Job: Western drama. Good.

The Ladykillers: Comedy. Good.
The Last Night: Western. Good.
Let's Make Up: Fantasy-musical. Poor.
The Man in the Gray Flannel Suit: War-and-business drama. Good.
The Man Who Knew Too Much: Crime and suspense. Excellent.
The Man Who Never Was: Espionage thriller. Excellent.
Meet Me in Las Vegas: Comedy with musical. Excellent.
Minutemen: Pioneer drama. Fair.
On the Threshold of Space: Factual science fiction. Good.
Patterns: Business drama. Good.
Pleasure Cruise: Drama. Excellent.
The Prisoner: Drama. Excellent.
Ransom: Suspense drama. Good.
Richard III: Shakespeare. Topsy.
The Rose Tattoo: Comedy drama. Good.
The Searchers: Western. Fair.
Simon and Laura: Comedy. Good.
The Snow Remains: Comedy. Excellent.
The Tender Trap: Comedy. Good.
Three Bad Sisters: Drama. Poor.
Tough and Grit: Comedy. Good.
A Town Like Alice: Drama. Fair.
Trials: Drama. Excellent.
Uphill to a Bad Man: Western. Good.
The Trouble With Harry: Comedy. Good.
World Without End: Fantasy. Fair.

Five minutes later his body arched cruelly in the first of a series of convulsions. Our frantic call brought our family physician running, flapping shoe soles threatening to trip him at every step. For three hours, as Peter's temperature soared to 106.5 degrees, he did everything possible to halt the malignant recurring seizures. At length came deep coma, a frenzied taxi to the hospital.

From farther down the corridor a white-coated doctor approached us. "I am sorry," he said quietly, "but there is nothing more we can do."

A must-mindfully Ruth the mother asked, "You mean he will go on just like that?"

No," the doctor replied, "one of two things will happen. Frankly he may not come from this coma and will pass away. But I feel that having survived for three weeks he will come out of it. It is possible that familiar surroundings at home would help. Would you care to take him home?"

Within the hour we carried the limp little body from the hospital. Nothing was real nor could we imagine anything beyond that pathetic far moment.

We learned to live the days one by one and each day revolved around Peter. Things normally taken for granted, like eating, became major problems. There was no mental reaction to any type of stimulus; therefore the idea of feeding with a spoon was impossible. But the instinct of self-preservation is a powerful animal drive. When the nipple of a bottle was placed between his lips it set up an automatic reaction of great noisy gulping which eventually succeeded in emptying the bottle of its contents.

In my diary for this period I find a typical entry: "There is no movement of the right arm or leg. Right side of the face drawn. There is no head movement. No apparent mental reaction. Eyes open but not moving. There seems to be no control of eye muscles: turn Peter on his side and the eyes slide down to the corners. There is no attempt to move them back. Periodic seizures which jerk his whole body to the right gradually subsiding."

At my office about three weeks later I picked up the phone to hear Ruth's excited voice. Almost hysterical, she hissed, "Peter tried to smile! He tried to smile for me! Can you come home? Can you get away?"

In three minutes flat I was in the car. Sure enough when I stood in front of his bed an elusive suggestion of a smile flicked one corner of his mouth. His eyes didn't move but, impossible as it is to describe, I knew he was at long last aware of his mother and myself.

The next three years were a kaleidoscope of bitter frustration, wild hope, abysmal despair as we became part of that lonely, lost host who, seeking relief, some fragment of peace, took from doctor to doctor with crippled, maimed, mentally ill children, never giving up, searching, waiting, hoping. I was asked to resign by the managing director of my firm. It was very polite but also very final. It seemed my division of the company was being absorbed by the parent firm, there was no room for a surplus manager. I had planned my future with the organization and now the rug was jerked from under my feet. Bitterly I decided to forsake executive ambitions and took a job as a skilled technician in another city.

Peter gradually recovered a degree of intelligence and physical ability. Daily exercise, physiotherapy and massage helped him to walk again, although hemiplegia, a form of spastic paralysis, caused him to drag his right leg and affected his

sense of balance. His right arm remained atrophic and drawn tight to his side. His smile was a crooked one-sided grin. For some time damage to his mental processes was not too apparent. He pronounced words easily but as time went on we found his conversation going round in little circles. He would repeat the same broken sentence again and again until his mother spoke to him, jarring him from the rut.

Cause and effect did not exist and no amount of teaching, or experience, made the slightest impression. One evening he sat on my knee to hear a favorite story book. Suddenly he reached for the burning tip of my cigarette. The burn was slight but brought a cry of pain. After he had been comforted and fussed over we settled down again, when he immediately reached for the glowing cigarette, with the same finger. Every conceivable type of instructive toy was tried in the hope of adding to his small store of manual skills. Little games designed to foster mental and manual development. He advanced at his own rate but it was desperately slow.

As he grew in stature his convulsive seizures increased in intensity. Ten, fifteen, twenty times each day he came out of a seizure gasping for breath as he slowly won release from the diabolical force that held him in its grip. Its sudden onslaught was like a hammer blow resulting in more face and head scars than the average man collects in a lifetime. Our home became innocent of loose or men's and sharp objects. It became instinctive to keep him away from the corners of furniture, steps, even the sides of his bed were padded. In spite of all precautions it was impossible to prevent injuries. On one occasion his head struck the smooth wall with sufficient force to put a three-inch depression in the solid plaster.

A sad parting with Peter

Every modern test was given, intelligence tests, tests for manual dexterity, electroencephalograms. He was examined, probed, fitted with surgical braces, X-rayed. At the Hospital for Sick Children in Toronto I watched an electroencephalogram being made of Peter's brain impulses. Under the influence of anesthetic he lay on a hospital cot electrodes tared to various points around his head from each of which a wire led to the recording apparatus. Eight pen-like points on this fantastic machine, each responding to a minute electrical brain impulse, traced a wavering pattern on a slowly unrolling strip of paper about twelve inches wide. Evidence of brain damage was clear even to my untutored eye. Four pen points traced a quite active pattern. The remaining four showed no activity, tracing a string-like inert line. Suddenly all eight points developed acute jitters, swung wildly then settled back to their former patterns, four alive, four inert, only to repeat the exaggerated swing a few moments later. It was uncanny to realize that the forces activating those swiftly moving pen points were little-known life forces deep in the brain of my son. Every doctor and specialist gave the same hopeless answer, "My advice to you is to put Peter in an institution. Leave another child."

There came a time when finances gave in debt physically at the end of our rope we put Peter into a government hospital. He was five years old. Every second Sunday we drove two hundred miles to be with him for a few hours. During the summer and at Christmas we brought him home for short periods. On these visits the effect of institutional life, coupled with loss of a sense of security, became



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"'There's a chance if we operate,' the doctor said. All at once I felt as tall as a house"

quite apparent. On arrival his manner was quiet and apprehensive, expecting refusal to any request. But after a few days he became aggressive with a desire to inflict pain, pinching and slapping in his reaction against those who had betrayed him. Even his pet cat was not immune.

There came a day, however, when we arrived at the hospital to find him ill with fever, intensely lonely, pathetically anxious to return home. All at once our acceptance of the institution was swept away in a flood of remorse. We decided that the future would have to take care of itself. I thought it might be. An institution would have no place in that future. We brought Peter home to stay.

A the hospital teachers had found him able to absorb training in some things but because of his seizures he was not allowed to attend classes. Even maximum doses of sedative drugs like phenobarbital failed, mecarbam failed to achieve control. Now at home, poorly guarded as we were, the problem of teaching had to be attempted. It was frustrating. At times a spark of genuine mental keenness would flash forth but an attempt to fan the spark into a little centre of light met with failure.

Shortly after this our final avenue of hope was barricaded when a famous neurological hospital told us that damage to Peter's brain was too extensive to offer hope of any corrective treatment. We had reached the end of the road in our long trek. Everything possible had been done. Everyone qualified to express an opinion had done so. All had come up with the same hopeless answer. One can look the impossible road back to an institution somewhere, would have to be with him every waking moment for the rest of his life, to dress him, supply his wants, protect him from injury. The long search had produced nothing but voluminous dossiers scattered about in doctors' offices and hospitals.

As Peter passed his seventh birthday the seizures reached frightening intensity. Screams were forced from his throat and he was released gasping and spent from the grip of the demon. Wailing, helpless to protect my son the impotent rage of a maddened animal blurred my sight. Prolonged nervous tension, day after day, had its effect on Ruth's health. Relief of some kind had to be obtained—and soon.

We made an appointment at the outpatient clinic of the Hospital for Sick Children in Toronto where Peter had undergone extensive tests several years before. Little did we know that their records indicated he needed an idea desperate, permanent in the mind of a man perhaps best fitted to bring that full development. This man would appear comparatively young in any gathering of his peers. He is pleasant, retiring. During an examination his eyes are quick and penetrating, his questions pointed and quietly spoken. One gets the impression of a wasp-sharp mind which cuts away the superfluous, lays bare a bare, solid framework around which to mold his opinions and determine his actions.

We entered his office in the hospital to find him immersed in a voluminous file folder. Coming up he nodded a brief greeting, then turned back to the file in front of him. The crackle of quickly turned paper was loud in the silence. Without looking up he asked quietly, "How long since Peter was here last?" "Three years," Ruth replied.

Were you not told to bring him back?"

No.

Again silence except for the rattle of paper. At length he looked up. "Can you leave Peter in hospital now?" As Ruth opened her mouth in surprise he continued, "I would like to do some further tests to see if an operation could be done. There is a possibility."

All at once I felt as tall as a house.

Peter as if he knew the importance of the occasion allowed a pause to lead him safely away to a room on the sixth floor where he was dressed in pyjamas and set to work busily. During the next two weeks he became a major research project while doctors studied, probed, X-rayed, tested every reaction, mental process and physical characteristic. Hemispherectomy might be considered the ultimate in present day major surgery involving as it does not only the patient's physical future but his mental and intellectual life as well.

In a case such as Peter's, hemispherectomy of the brain causes intractable convulsions, seizures liable affected by drugs. Each seizure it is thought contributes to further brain damage. The damage from cephalitis takes the form of scar tissue, just as burns or other injury result in the formation of scar tissue on the body's surface. But surface scar tissue, though fibrous and inactive, functions with some degree of efficiency. Cerebral scar tissue, on the other hand, destroys the intellectual function of the affected brain sections and interferes with normal operation of the rest of the brain. If lesions are general, corrective measures are possible, but if confined to one side of the brain the surgical miracle of hemispherectomy offers some hope.

The brain may be said to carry spare parts in that it is divided into two sections.

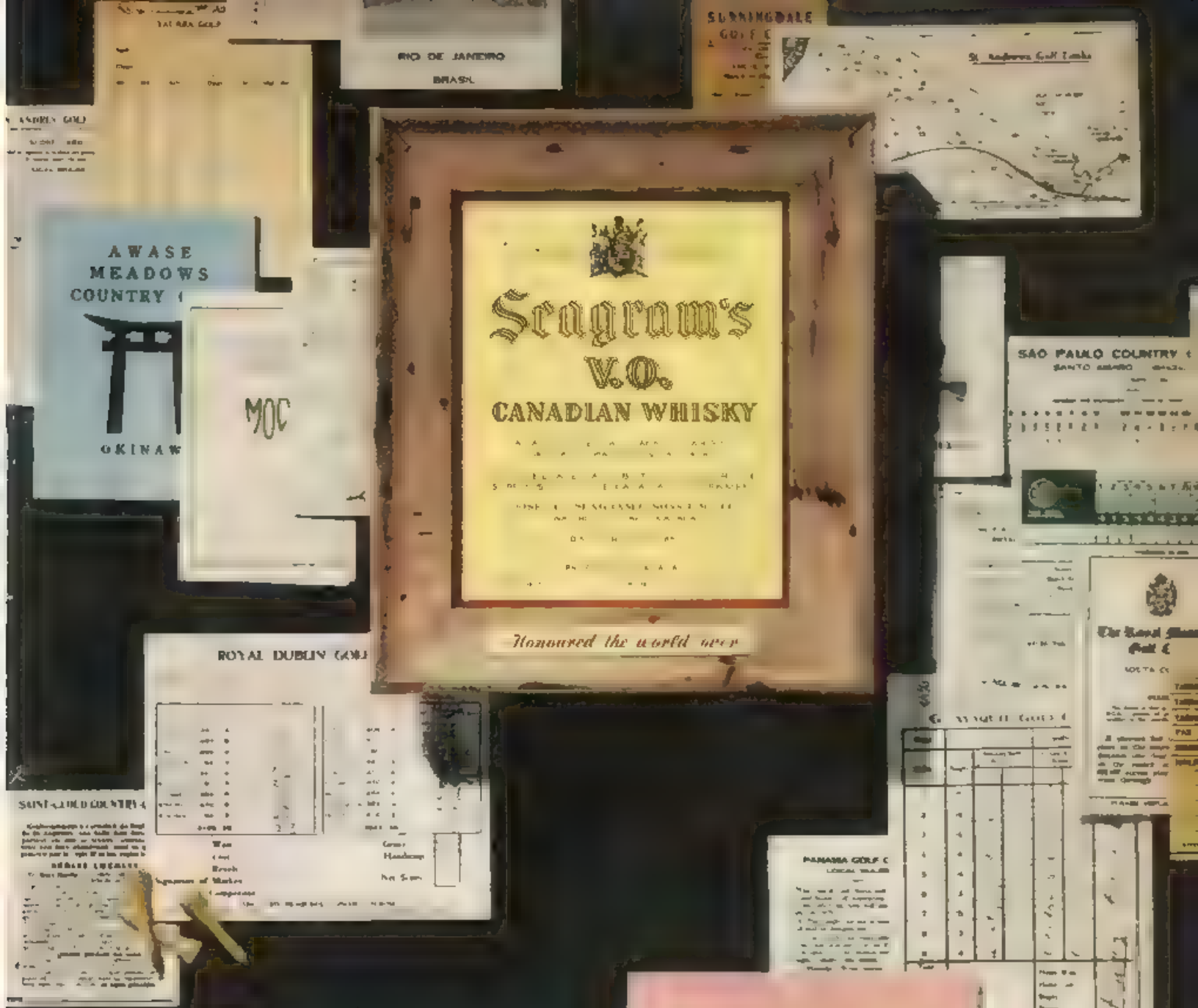
What Peter's brain operation did

The operation described in this article is of value to a very small number of children with a very specific disability. It is of no value whatsoever to the great majority with mental deficiency or cerebral palsy.

The children in whom this operation is useful have had such extensive destruction of one side of the brain that it is of no functional value. Consequently on the opposite side of the body they are partly paralyzed and have extensive sensory and visual disturbances. In addition, because of the irritative effects of the scar tissue in the brain they have uncontrollable seizures, cognitive mental retardation and behavior problems. The improvement to be expected is for the seizures to stop, the behavior to improve, and in some cases, the intelligence to rise.

This disability is very uncommon and the operation consequently seldom performed.

John Stobo Prichard, M.A.
M.B., M.R.C.P. (I and II),
neurologist, Hospital for Sick Children



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**"The surgeon spared us nothing. He said simply
'If he survives the first twelve days he'll live'"**

tions, or hemispheres, each of which controls one side of the body. If one side of the brain is damaged or destroyed, it may be possible for the undamaged hemisphere to take over some of the duties of its selective counterpart, providing there is no interference from the damaged side. Hemispherectomy prevents interference by removing its cause — the complete hemisphere.

The doctor's heroically simplified explanation of the problem pointed up the reason why extensive preliminaries must be carried out. The extent of brain damage must be accurately known. To do this, the opinions and findings of neurologist, neurosurgeon, psychiatrist, psychologist and radiologist must be noted and correlated with the electroencephalogram and angiogram. The angiogram involves the introduction of air into the spaces around the brain and permits X rays to picture areas not normally shown. From this mass of evidence one of Canada's top neurosurgeons would decide to operate or not to operate.

Back home with Peter we waited. During the vacation Spring crew was summer. Through the hot summer days Peters' hole took on a coffee hue. To build up his general health we did everything but eat and sleep outdoors. Each night he was put to bed in the hope that tomorrow would bring a signal to end the waiting. The torture of watching the neighborhood kids at play was less acute than before. We now had hope and could say to ourselves, "Perhaps, one day."

The question of money was a paralyzing nightmare. Our bank account had a number nothing else. Everything we owned had been mortgaged some ago. Through the early summer I traveled up myriad blind alleys in search of financial help only to come up against the blank wall of failure. One morning I found myself putting in a long-distance call to my wartime squadron commander whom I hadn't seen in twelve years. I explained my predicament, he said he'd see what could be done. Shortly thereafter through his efforts, the road on which I found myself was not a blind alley but a smooth

path paved with assurances of financial aid from benevolent funds, societies, clubs. It was a heart-warming experience that will never be forgotten.

On a September morning Peter was wheeled into the operating theatre. Six hours later he was wheeled out, head swathed in a white cloth, the great grandfather of all black eyes spreading over the side of his face and down his neck to the shoulder. The surgeon spared us nothing as he stated simply, "If he survives the first twelve days he will live. At the moment I cannot go farther than that."

The battle for life in the quiet of a hospital room is like no battle in war. Just as grim, just as soul-searing, its weapons are blood transfusion, vein-puncturing needle, blood transfusion tubes, battles blood transfusion. The battleground is a thin, wasted body with the grey pallor of death already on it. Its only sound a thrumming which somehow gurgles because of a tube in the throat. The quiet battle goes on for days and nights, an endless procession of needles until thighs and arms become hypersensitive, blackened. Bottles are emptied, replaced, flesh wastes away until skin stretches tightly over huge grotesque joints. Covering a wet sheet soaked with alcohol stirs in the breeze generated by a cooling fan. The breeze blows endlessly, monotonously, then transformed to a wind of victory it carries the grey pallor from the battle field, takes tubes, bottles, needles into next organism's battle. Nearly a hundred days and the first battle is won.

We brought Peter home, a wasted skeleton, light as dandelion fluff and helpless to move. But soon his appetite developed, truly noble proportions, his weary eyes appraised with a more intelligent gleam. He began speaking in a lucid, connected manner. Later propped in a wheel chair he gradually learned to hold up his head, to sit straighter, to laugh. Seven months after the operation a teacher from our school for retarded children began a course of home instruction. Three months later Peter made his first venture into the social life of school children and loved it. Nearly nine years old



Would you mind stepping out to the street —
we're conducting a 'man on the street' poll.

for the first time in his life our boy became part of a group. Last week he won the gold star as top pupil in his class.

What of his future—will he be able to hold his own, become self-supporting? To answer that question we can only compare the former Peter to the lovable character who inhabits our house today. Two years ago at every opportunity I asked him the question "Why?" For example every morning Peter followed a set routine, repeating, "Want breakfast want breakfast want" until a word was interjected to stop the merry go round.

Every morning at my question, "Why do you want breakfast Peter?" he returned a blank look eloquent of complete ignorance. The other morning he began asking what he wanted to eat on the breakfast menu. Tongue in cheek I broke in, "Why do you want breakfast Peter?" Surprised, he tossed me a look, then commented acidly "Because I'm hungry" of course.

His conversation today is a far cry from the parrot-like repetition of a single phrase. Surprises are becoming commonplace but recently the whole family was startled. While playing on the floor with his fleet of taxis, one of them took an unscheduled trip under the chesterfield out of reach. From the next room I heard "Daddy come here for a minute." As I entered the living room a grimy little finger pointed under the offending furniture. "That car is always going under there. It's so exasperating. Exasperating!" It was wonderful.

An exceptional memory is perhaps his outstanding characteristic. In his personal library are about one hundred story books, some of which run to twenty-five pages. Choose a book at random and he will quote it word for word with surprising expression, changing voice with each character and expressing the appropriate emotions where required. He knows the make, year and color of all the neighbors' cars—which is more than I know. For a recent school concert he was to recite a poem. His method of memorizing it? I read the poem once aloud, closed the book and heard him repeat it verbatim. Three days later at the concert he recited beautifully.

It is difficult to be objective about one's child but at the same time a parent is in the best position to recognize changes in character, personality and capacity to reason. Intellectually Peter has advanced further in the past twelve months than in the first eight years of his short life. At eight years of age an optimistic assessment could conceivably place his mental age at four years. Already his teachers say he has advanced beyond the first grade in some departments. An intelligent question now brings an intelligent reply. Already the seed of ambition is sprouting.

Do you know what, Daddy?"

What son?"

"When I get strong and healthy I'm going to be a fireman."

Next day he is going to be a policeman or a postman. About once a week he is going to be a hydro man, so I can climb those poles.

Physically our son remains handicapped. Hemiplegia—spastic paralysis—still, of course, one arm and leg. Walking unaided is extremely hazardous. But convulsive seizures are forgotten. His strong desire to be like other boys, plus massage and therapy will go a long way toward achieving physical recovery. We recall the remark made by one of the surgeons as we said good-bye at the hospital: "He will be playing baseball before you know it." Perhaps he was trying to boost our courage at a trying moment, but we half believe he may have meant it. ★



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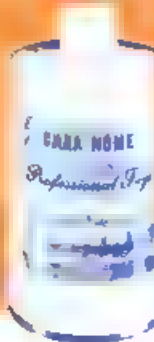
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7 67c

Rexall Dental Fix Powder

57c

365 Boy Rum

97c

Blue Hyacinth Face Powder

77c

Danly Deodorant Cologne

77c

Gardenia Eau de Cologne

97c

Rexall Nylon Dressing Combs

37c

Roxbury Absorbent Cotton

87c

Monogram Gauze

27c

Rexall Moist Antiseptic

47c

Adrienne Hand Lotion

87c

Rexall Moist Tooth Powder with Sodium Fluoride

47c

Rexall Plastic Quik Bands Adhesive Bandages

47c

Rexall Quik Bands Cloth type

57c

Rexall Steriod Quik Snips

37c

Bachelor After Shave Lotion

67c

Bachelor Deodorant Cream

47c

Rexall Resader Mouth Wash

67c

Rexall Kenzo Antiseptic

87c

Bachelor Cream Hair Tonic with Lanolin

57c

Rexall Tiny Tot Baby Soap

17c

Gardenia After Shave Lotion

97c

Danly Deodorant Powder

47c

Rexall Denture

57c

Long Hair Oil

37c

Slique Hand Lotion

67c

My Night Face Powder

77c

Sky Plastic Sponges

17c

Deb Kikie Krepo Shower Bar

67c

Tiffany Lily of the Valley Cologne

\$1.77

Tiffany Hand Cream

87c

New Tiffany Perfumed Deodorant Cologne

\$1.87

Rexall Nerve Tonic Tablets

97c

Rexall Nerve Tonic Tablets

57c

Bathing Caps

Newest Colors
Extra lightweight
better fitting



Now only 97c

Piquet Natural rubber watergill with buckles and chin strap. Reg. 85c

Now only 67c

TIFFANY SPRINGWOOD LOTION

Prevents red rough skin and chaps. Rubs in quickly. Reg. \$1.00
Now 77c

REXALL SHAVING CREAM

Shaving cream. Reg. 42c tube
Now 2 for 77c

PLASTIC MULTI-PURPOSE SHOPPING BAG

See how it works. It's a plastic bag that folds into a small package. Reg. \$2.50 value
Now only \$1.97

BABY BRUSH SET

Includes baby brush with a string. Reg. \$1.00
Now 87c

FABRIC WEAVE BOXED WRITING PAPER

Boxed writing paper. Reg. \$1.50
Now 97c

ROXBURY HOUSEHOLD RUBBER GLOVES

Box of 10. Reg. 57c per pair
Now 57c per pair

Gardenia of the Valley France Toiletum

47c

Tiffany Deodorant Cream

57c

Planet Playing Cards

7c

Defender Bath and Shampoo Spray

87c

Na Clippers

27c

First Quality Nylons

97c



"He slipped into the oily water and made for the Russian ships . . . Then frogmen went over the side"

No wonder the galleries of the Commons were packed, and no wonder Luc's face was shadowed in resentment.

There are times when real life outstrips the lurid imaginings of a Hollywood director. This on the day before the arrival of Bulganin and Khrushchev at Victoria Station and while Grace Kelly was marrying into the casino aristocracy of Monte Carlo the Secret Service men were taking their various posts in the Victoria Station vicinity.

By contrast Waterloo Station was just its ordinary, grey, draughty self and no one paid the slightest attention to two men who boarded the train for Portsmouth. Nor was there any welcoming committee when they arrived at their seaside hotel.

The man with the lined, weather-beaten cheeks and bushy eyebrows was Lieut.-Commander Lionel Kenneth

more expensive naval issue. When he had finished his preparations he slipped into the oily water and made for the Russian ships.

What followed is not clear. Watchers on the shore—long before they realized the tragedy—saw Russian frogmen appear on the cruiser's deck and go over the side. The Russians have claimed that they saw a frogman surface for a few moments at a position between the cruiser and the destroyers.

Back on the lonely strip of shore the mysterious Mr. Smith was keeping his vigil. Time went on until he knew that Crabb's supply of air must have expired. But still he waited. Then at last he made his way to the hotel where he asked for the bill for both of them because they were checking out that night. Smith then took the next train to London.

The B and K west to London was a full swing when the news reached MI6. Where was Crabb's body? Could they pretend that nothing had happened? Then they remembered the telephone call instructed the Portsmouth police to tear out the relevant page and bring it back to London.

The hotel manager contended that it was illegal to destroy a register but the police were not to be put off. For some reason that no one can explain they tore out four pages of the register—perhaps on the basis that whatever's worth doing is worth doing well.

Comedy and tragedy are old companions and certainly there is an element of both in this obscure seaside hotel incident. To tear out four pages of a hotel register in the pursuit of secrecy is to invade the realm of Gilbert and Sullivan.

Ten days passed by. The silent service of the Navy and the Secret Service of Whitehall made no statement. It looked as if they had achieved the impossible. But Crabb's employer was asking questions. So was his landlord. A friend, also a lieutenant-commander, called at the Admiralty for news.

It became impossible to suppress the story any longer. Everybody in Portsmouth was talking about the mangled register, and the newspapers were bound to get the story. Therefore, on the tenth day—the day after B and K had departed from these shores—a terse announcement was made that Lieut.-Commander Crabb was missing, presumed drowned, following trials of secret equipment in "Stokes Bay".

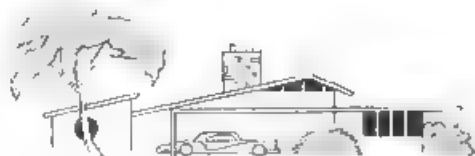
That story stood up for about two hours and then the newspaper hounds of Fleet Street tore it to pieces. In a flash Crabb had become a world figure. Here was melodrama piled on drama. Here was tragedy wedded to tragedy. Here was a brave, pitiful story of a furniture salesman who survived the dangers of war only to be beaten by the dangers of peace.

But was he dead? Or was he a prisoner? Had there been an underwater battle with the Russian frogmen? Horror was piled upon horror as imagination cut loose.

Everyone had something to say. Newspaper editors, confronted probably with

made of Vinylite*

makes the difference



The difference,

you happily discover, is that "Vinylite" just naturally takes to water, sun and splashing fun! Colourful wading pools . . . bulging-with-humour inflated toys . . . underwater swimming sets . . . and a multitude of beach playthings keep their sparkling colours season after season. Junior size wading pools are light . . . yet durable, as only "Vinylite" can make them. Family size swimming pools bring years of beach fun to the back lawn . . . only "Vinylite" through a laminate of two thicknesses can stand up to the stress of air pressure and the wear of rough handling that add the value-plus advantages to outdoor fun . . . strong construction . . . remarkable colour fastness . . . durability!



"Remember, gauge thickness is your measure of durability", says Catherine Paige. "You'll find small inflatable toys in 6 to 12 gauge. Wading pools in 8, 10 or 12 gauge. The large pools made of 'Vinylite' run as high as 20 gauge."



Apparel



Costume costumes



"Vinylite" laminates



Sportswear



...in outdoor **FUN!**



Signature

THERE IS NO
SUBSTITUTE
IT'S
"VINYLITE"
ONLY WHEN
IT'S MARKED...

MADE
OF
Vinylite

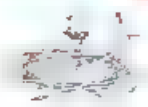
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The Actor says:

for a perfect
gin and tonic
just memorize
these lines—

there's no gin like
Gordon's

Imported from LONDON, ENGLAND
available in various bottles & sizes



Old Masters
in the Art of
Gracious Living



With characteristic zest and resourcefulness, the Dutch have always cultivated the lively arts of leisure.

And as you would expect with men born to the sea, their talent at making ship travel a joy is virtually unrivalled. Ask someone who has travelled Holland-America. You will be regaled with an account of palatial lounges, distinguished clubs, incomparable cuisine—the sports and convivial luxury that speed time all too quickly.

All things considered, it is no wonder that so many knowing ones go Holland-America not once, but many times.

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TO BE ON A
WELL-RUN SHIP

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and HOLLAND for ALL EUROPE
Choose the luxurious flagship **MEUW AMSTERDAM**
The twin thrillers **RYNDAM** and **MAASDAM**
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SPECIAL HOLIDAY SAILING FROM
HALIFAX: MAASDAM NOV 22
Tourist Class from \$1.65 with
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the first real frogman story of their careers, demanded someone's head on a charger. The socialist party, still smarting over the ghastly failure of their dinner to B and K, demanded a parliamentary debate.

In the moves and countermoves and in the general noise of the conflict only one thing was forgotten. A gallant officer was dead. He had taken on this final act of service with the sure knowledge that success would bring no praise or glory, and that failure could mean only one thing—death.

Moscow sent a note to the British government asking for an explanation of the activities of a frogman near the Russian naval squadron in Portsmouth. Next day Moscow radio stated that the British government had expressed regret for the incident. The British note stated that Her Majesty's Government had expressed regret for the incident. Commander Crabbe's presence occurred without any permission whatever.

Now let us return to Westminster. Mr. Gaiskell as leader of the Opposition opens his speech against the government but obviously he is not too pleased with his task.

Like a boy in the opening round of a fight, he pays tribute to Commander Crabbe. He insists that Britain remains bound to maintain a Secret Service. Further, but that he agrees that it is the automatic duty of a prime minister to shoulder the blame for a subordinate's blunder.

It was a skilful yet ineffective speech. Obviously Gaiskell felt that it would be dangerous to hit Eden so hard that it would rally sympathy to him. Yet as leader of the socialist pack he had to

give them at least a sniff of blood.

There was a mighty roar from the Tory benches as Eden rose to reply. Obviously he was angry and perhaps hurt. Certainly his face showed signs of strain.

In the first two minutes the House realized that something dramatic was afoot. The prime minister had no notes or else he had decided to discard them. For ten minutes he gave a survey of the new relations between Britain and Russia expressing the hope that a real understanding would be reached.

Then with a sudden flash of anger he leaped across the despatch box and said to Gaiskell: "The national interest is of first importance to us in the House of Commons, but there is also in this business a very important international interest and all I care for is that the outcome of our discussions with the Soviet leaders should in truth prove to be as I have said, the beginning of a beginning. I intend to safeguard that possibility at all costs."

He paused for a moment and then delivered his ultimatum. "It is for that reason that I deplore this debate and will say no more."

We waited for the deluge. Aneurin Bevan would be certain to say that Eden was treating the House with contempt. Gaiskell would have to say that a twelve-minute homily in place of a statement of policy was an insult to Tories, socialists and Liberals alike.

But it did not happen that way. Eden's outburst had lifted the debate. Members began to crowd out of the house to the libraries. The peers' gallery emptied. Eden had in effect refused to debate the Secret Service and the House knew that he was right.

The frogman's story was ended. ★

Just look at the old ice-cream parlor now!

Continued from page 17

The motor age has awakened the ice-cream parlor.
The leisurely waitress couldn't hold a job now.

umbrellas, green lawns with garden chairs and spare young trees nodding gently in the summer breeze. Dawson planted every tree on the property and invites them sportshirred customers all year long—across the apple, peach and cherry orchards at the broad outline of the Niagara Escarpment against which Stony Creek nestles.

This is the ice-cream parlor as it looks today—in an age when there's an automobile to every six Canadians. It's within reach of every motorist just as its counterpart early in the century was within reach of every walking customer. The evolution of the ice-cream parlor, from high-society outlets like George Dawson's at Stony Creek to a story as engaging in its own way as the story of the evolution of the very automobile that now takes its Sunday bus sails to Dawson's door.

Right after World War I costs began to climb—rents, labor, ingredients—and the cost of such showdara equipment as long-stemmed glasses, elaborate mirrors behind the counters and even the santonix tabletops that resembled marble and were veined in numerous colors. Inevitably the price of ice cream went higher and the days of the ten-cent banana split and the five-cent strawberry

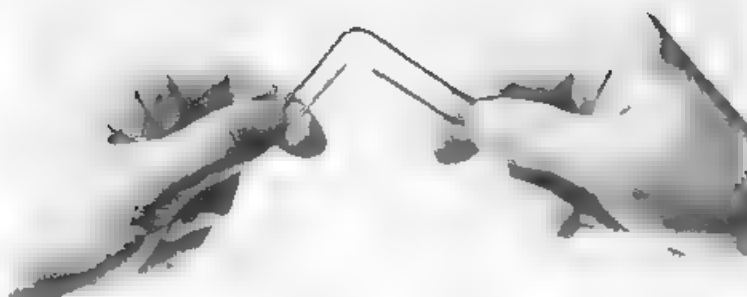
sundae were gone forever. Zooming overhead produced a competitor that heaped topple the ice-cream parlor the motorist used to know the dairy bar.

In the middle Twenties the dairy bar, a forerunner to mass-production outlets like Dawson's rumbling affair, was a small, high-volume low-cost operation that did away with almost everything that was sacred about the ice-cream parlor. Smart sexy ladies and love chairs were replaced by counters and stools. The elegant long-stemmed glassware that required careful handling was replaced by cheap, disposable paper disks that fit into aluminum containers. The ice-cream parlor waitress who used to stroll leisurely to a table of customers with paper napkins, glasses of water and a tastefully turned-out menu was replaced in the dairy bar by one or two standing behind a counter. Behind her on the wall was a single large printed menu. On the counter was a pile of self-serve paper napkins—they were later placed in aluminum dispensers—and the glass of water was circulated. The counter girl could hand five times the volume of business of her ice-cream-parlor counterpart, in half the time.

The advent of soda fountains in drug stores in the late Twenties also took a

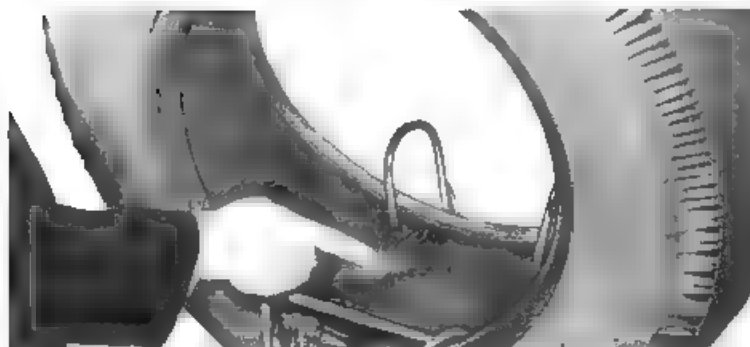


1 Here's a crossbow made from an automobile spring. Every time it's fired, the spring snaps back with terrific power. That's because the spring is *tempered steel*.



2 When you bend an ordinary paper clip it weakens—gives way—doesn't snap back into its original shape like the spring steel in the crossbow. That's because the paper clip is *not tempered*.

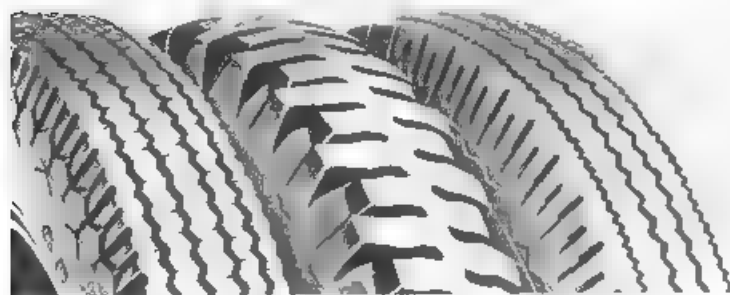
TEMPERED 3-T CORD MAKES CAR AND TRUCK TIRES SAFER, TOUGHER



3 The cord fabric in *ordinary* tires is like the paper clip—it may break and rupture as in this tire. Ordinary fabric weakens, gives way under the constant flexing it must take as the tire rolls. This results in shorter tire life—less mileage—fewer recaps—costly let-downs.



4 Goodyear's exclusive 3-T process *actually tempers tire cord*—both rayon and nylon, much as steel is tempered. This 3-T cord is far more resilient—stands up far better to the pounding a tire gets in service. You get *safer tires—more mileage—more recaps—more all-round value*.



5 Goodyear keeps developing many different truck and car tire treads for specific operations. Ask your Goodyear Dealer's advice on what tread design is best for you. Each one is tough and husky, proved in thousands of miles of service.



6 Remember this fact: only Goodyear's rayon or nylon can give you all the many advantages of 3-T cord fabric. Why be satisfied with anything less than the best? **Buying a new car or truck? Be sure you get Goodyear Tires.**

GOOD YEAR

TIRES FOR CARS AND TRUCKS MADE WITH  **CORD**

Like as two spoons?

There's a great difference
in Vermouths, too!

In vermouths, the "hallmark" is the Martini label
signifying subtleties of flavor and aroma found
in no other vermouths in the world.

Imported from Italy in the 35-oz bottle

FOR DRIER MARTINIS USE

MARTINI

EXTRA DRY VERMOUTH

Lighter in color... not quite so bitter.
If you like your martinis drier, you'd always use
Martini "Extra Dry" vermouth.

USE

MARTINI & ROSSI

SWEET VERMOUTH

As an aperitif
neat or on the rocks
with twist of lemon peel.
As a long drink
with mixer and ice.

For a hot drink
try Martini sweet and dry vermouths hot
and half on the rocks. It's delightfully
refreshing.
For matching a meal, try...

whack at the ice-cream parlor. One executive of the National Dairy Council, Jack Lawrence, recalls that in 1925 there was not a single drugstore selling ice cream from London to Windsor, one hundred and twenty miles to the south-west. Lawrence was then manager of the ice-cream department of the old Walkerside Dairy in Walkerville. Out now a part of Windsor. His firm at that time had eighty-five soda fountains in the last five years of the 1920s. Most ice cream manufacturers underwrote the cost of the fountains for dealers, installing them for only a little down and collecting the remainder of the money in regular payments.

The early Duries brought another blow to the ice-cream parlor. It was the invention of the double-decker ice cream cone which actually was an optical illusion served up in wholesale lots in the dairy bars and drugstores. People thought they were getting two dips of ice cream but what they were really getting was a delicious flavoring of air. Food and drug standards did not cover ice cream manufacturers then as they do today so it was possible to inject compressed air into a normal mixture of ice cream and blow it up to twice its size. The trade called this "over run," meaning less ice cream than met the eye. To day a gallon of ice cream must contain a minimum of 19 pounds of food solids.

Ice-cream parlors, already staggering under the growing competition, received a blow that prevented any kind of recovery during World War II when the industry as a whole was placed on a status quo basis by the federal Department of Agriculture. The ice-cream industry was restricted early in 1942 to the same ice-cream volume in gallons that it had produced during the year ending March 31, 1941. This restriction aimed at conserving sugar was not lifted by the department until April 1, 1947.

But if the parlor is no more, ice cream has never known the popularity it enjoys today. In 1955 Canadians ate 32,677,000 gallons of the stuff—a per-capita consumption of 16.37 pints, second in the world only to the warmer United States. The fact that ice cream was declared a food by the Department of National Health and Welfare in 1947 has encouraged people to use it as a dessert and the development of home freezers has enabled them to buy it in bulk and store it for future use. And that means increased business for producers like Dawson. His Stoney Creek Dairy can turn out as many as twenty-two varieties of ice cream and find a steady market for them now that customers can store their purchases at home.

The publicized fact that ice cream has a low caloric content has also stimulated its sales, according to Walter Fetterly, the recent secretary-treasurer of the Ontario Association of Ice Cream Manufacturers. One quarter brick of ice cream contains two hundred and ten calories, as compared with an ordinary serving of apple pie which contains three hundred and seventy calories, a two-inch slice of chocolate layer cake which has three hundred and fifty, a piece of lemon meringue pie which has two hundred and eighty, or a half-cup serving of rice pudding, which has two hundred and fifty.

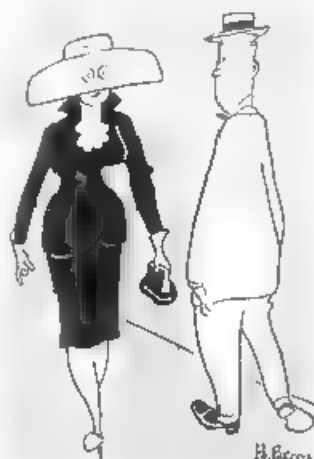
These facts have helped swell George Dawson's business but they can hardly explain why he serves twelve thousand people on a busy Sunday. Indeed no one is precisely sure why four times the population of Stoney Creek beats a path through the quiet little town, but almost everyone agrees it's a combination of things. For one the town's historical background is a drawing card. Stoney

Creek was a bloody battlefield during the War of 1812 and a concrete spine commemorates a British victory there.

One hot August afternoon eighteen sightseeing buses rolled up to the Stoney Creek Dairy while nine hundred and seventy-nine beribboned women climbed down for nine hundred and seventy-nine dishes of ice cream. They were delegates to a Toronto convention of Associated Countrywomen of the World representing twenty-five countries and intent on viewing the landmarks from Queenston Heights to Stoney Creek.

But a teaching war memorial alone can't be responsible for the mass inspections that Stoney Creek residents have come to regard as commonplace. But then Corman, a fruit-farmer who has been reeve or deputy reeve for thirty-five years, says Dawson's dairy provides at least three good reasons.

George doesn't scrip, you get measure for your money, he says. The girls behind the counter are spotless.



MILLAR'S

they can smile and they make you feel they're glad you came.

Bank Manager Walter Scott fees Dawson's location is a major factor in its success. The dairy is close by two main roads leading from Hamilton. Sunday drivers need only turn off one stop at the dairy for a refresher and then swing back to Hamilton on the second road for a brief and inexpensive family outing.

Twenty-one-year-old Arleen Gulliver, daughter of Tom Gulliver, one of the town's three policemen, has worked as a part-time waitress at the dairy for five years, Dawson she says, seldom is caught napping. A few years ago, when the dairy lacked the facilities it has now, there were long line-ups at the front entrance. One afternoon while she was on duty Arleen recalls, people began dropping out of line and turning back to their cars. Dawson dashed up.

Tell everybody who looks impatient that if they haven't their orders in three minutes they can have em free, he told Arleen.

People smiled and many of them stayed on, just to time him. Dawson went behind the counter himself, worked on orders and actually did serve most of the orders within three minutes.

Arleen's father, Tom Gulliver, the cop says Dawson succeeded because he was never afraid of hard work.

I worked for him in a little two-man milk business back in the early Thirties.



PHOTO BY KARGH

Backyard rescue on a hot afternoon

Saved in the nick of time by a cool, *cool* Brading's Ale! *Light, mellow* Brading's really refreshes. Try a case . . . you'll see!

S L O W B R E W E D F O R M E L L O W F L A V O U R



he recalls. "He'd be at it eighteen hours a day seven days a week, buying raw milk from the farmers, bottling it, delivering it and then spending half the night in a door-to-door canvass for more customers. He coaxed me to go into partnership with him but I couldn't see it. I never dreamed I'd be such a business. Now he's got another gas truck every Easter Sunday he gives a rose to the first two dozen women customers. They flock to the place. George never lets up."

Dawson is an utterly effusive man who

looks a good ten years younger than his forty-nine years. He has brown, slightly wavy hair, blue eyes and a precocious expression. He dresses plainly, wears a grey fedora indoors and out and rarely puts on a topcoat, even in the winter. Half a block from his business Dawson has built a twenty-five thousand-dollar home with a basement recreation room large enough to accommodate a regulation-size bowling alley—which it does.

Dawson uses the house for frequent staff get-togethers and planning meetings

with George Hirst, his general manager, and Ross Ralph, the manager of the ice cream division. Every year for the last eight years Dawson has made a major allocation or built an addition to the dairy. Recently he declined an offer of four hundred thousand dollars for the business.

Born on a farm in Lincoln County, south of Stony Creek, Dawson curiously enough has no particular recollection of a special fondness for the product that was to make him a reasonably wealthy man. "I suppose I liked ice

cream all right," he says in his solemn way, "because most kids do. But I can't remember any parties at ice cream parlors or spending any money made on sundries."

Until 1946 George gave no thought to ice cream, his ambition all those years was to own a dairy. Then as his father had done before him. By 1929 he'd saved five thousand dollars and was able to buy a dairy farm near Smithville, southeast of Hamilton, and began supplying Hurdens' dairy with raw milk. "His father had done it."

I tried bottling milk myself, too," he recalls, "and landed a few customers. I took a two-quart can from Borden's and when they heard about it they cut me off. I was left with nothing but the twenty-six customers I'd drummed up on my own."

Twenty-five years ago door-to-door calling was possible because there were no government pasteurization laws and raw milk could be bottled and sold. It was delivered at thirteen cents a quart for eight quarts for a dollar. A milk war between the big companies forced the price down to twelve cents. Dawson and his wife, the former Gwen Ducker of Toronto, worked eighteen hours a day but they couldn't make a go of it and lost the farm. For three years Dawson worked in a Hamilton coal company, then returned to the milk business. He rented a tiny house and garage for eighteen dollars a month, and set about building what was to become the Stony Creek Dairy on the vacant lot next door. He did all the work himself. Again he bought milk from nearby farmers, bottled it and in three months had two hundred customers.

Is a \$20,000 loan too high?

He needed money to expand the business and turned to a neighbor, an old gentleman named Oliver Nash. Dawson asked for three thousand dollars. Nash fixed him with a silent stare. After an eternity, as Dawson recalls it, Nash replied, "All right, George," he said. "Just give me a note."

Dawson kept working and his milk routes kept growing. In 1946 he put up a counter, tables and chairs, hoping he'd attract people to buy ice cream who would then become acquainted with his milk business. He bought the ice cream wholesale from Silverwood Dairies. When that business began to catch on he realized he couldn't make a sensible profit unless he made his own ice cream.

So he went to see Walter Scott, the bank manager, and convinced him that a loan of twenty thousand dollars was a good risk and was not excessive. He installed his own ice-cream-making equipment. During the first winter he slowed the ice-cream section. In 1947 there was sufficient business to warrant staying open during the day in winter. The next year the ice-cream bar was kept open in the evenings until nine, and since then it's been open until midnight the year around. In zero weather people drive out to the dairy, have their orders out on an aluminum tray stamped "Stolen from the Stony Creek Dairy" and sit in their cars, the heaters whirring, as they eat a Dawson sundae.

Dawson figures he loses two thousand dollars' worth of trays and glassware a year to souvenir hunters, and has found that stamping his trays "Stolen from" hasn't deterred brush visitors. He picked up the idea for the stamp from a curb-service hamburger stand in Cleveland and used it himself, hoping to cut down his losses. When it failed to have any effect, the philosophical continued to



Splendid new planes...old-fashioned hospitality and helpfulness



As a true ice cream man, I was tremendously impressed by what I saw of TCA's system and personnel. Everything right on the button. The office folks had a smile, and the stewardesses were simply perfect!

—(U.S. Passenger Citation)
Chicago to Toronto



When delayed in Canada on a flight of another line, we were all picked up by TCA and flown across. Your stewardess, steward and crew were superbly ready, outstanding. Thanks for having them on your employ!

—(U.S. Passenger Citation)
New York to Paris



I have done a bit of flying but this is my first trip in TCA. I was very much impressed by the very high standard of dress, efficiency and courtesy. Stewardesses very energetic and efficient.

—(British Passenger Citation)
Montreal to London

TCA's fleet features the most modern aircraft—the world-famous Viscount and the latest type of Super Constellation. Along with these TCA strives to render a passenger service that features good old-fashioned hospitality and helpfulness!



TRANS-CANADA AIR LINES
ONE OF THE WORLD'S GREAT AIRLINES

stamp the trays, reasoning it was at least good advertising. Recently he had reasonable proof he was right. He was driving home from a dairyman's convention in Atlantic City and stopped at Buffalo for a snack. When the waitress took his order she stood looking at him thoughtfully.

"I know you," she said, her face brightening. "You're the man at that ice-cream place at Stony Creek. I've got one of your trays."

As the towns reeve, Barton Cormack, served, Dawson does not stint on the size of the cone or sundae he serves, nor does he stint in its quality. He buys all the eggs and milk from the district's farmers one day and because of his large turnover is able to serve these fresh products in his ice cream the next. Fifty car farmers within a twenty-mile radius of Stony Creek are called on daily by Dawson's milk trucks, which bring all the milk they can supply to the dairy for pasteurizing and processing.

"Our idea mainly is to provide the kind of sundae you can eat and still want more," he says.

Dawson's biggest seller is his banana sundae and he is a devotee of the milk and ordinary mortals can cope with it and want to take on another. This overwhelming confection contains three large scoops of ice cream, two vanilla, topping one strawberry. Crushed pineapple is heaped on one vanilla scoop and crushed-strawberry syrup on the other. Whipped cream topped by a dash of rainbow coconut and crowned with a cherry smotheres the middle strawberry scoop. Two long slices of a quartered banana complete the thirty-cent dish.

Ice cream cones are served in every conceivable flavor (two large scoops on a cone for a dime or one big one for a nickel). Flavors include the inevitable vanilla—it constitutes 55.09 percent of the ice cream sold in Canada—chocolate and strawberry (the next most widely consumed in this country). In addition there are maple, orange, fruit, buttered pecan, chocolate ripple, black raspberry, banana, butterscotch, apple, coffee, grape, pineapple, peppermint chip and lemon-lime.

On special days, such as Christmas, Dawson brews up a confection called plum-pudding ice cream, which includes raisins, prunes, currants, chopped nuts and rum flavoring. His Halloween sundaes feature pumpkin, orange and chocolate in delicious mixture.

The most popular flavors or at least the largest sellers, at Dawson's are vanilla, chocolate and strawberry, in that order. The manner in which these three flavors dominate sales throughout Canada is a trifle misleading as a yardstick to their popularity as flavors, however, because a good percentage of their support is accounted for by the fact they are the basic flavors in ice cream and milk shakes and sundaes. In other words, when a man asks for a banana split or a milk shake, he's also indirectly asking for two scoops of vanilla ice cream.

Similarly, when supermarkets and ice stores began handling ice cream in bulk some seven years ago, they began doing so by offering sundaes. They provided customers with all the ingredients for homemade ice cream sundaes, here again, the basic flavors are vanilla, chocolate and strawberry. The sales of these three flavors constitute close to seventy percent of all ice cream sales in Canada.

But no home can manufacture a sundae as overwhelming as one Dawson calls

his "superduper." A superduper starts out with an innocuous adle of pineapple syrup in the bottom of a tall glass. But then it starts to get serious. A scoop of vanilla ice cream is plopped into the wrap. Then a heaping of whole walnuts. Then a mound of strawberry ice cream. Then a ladle of strawberry syrup and another heaping of vanilla ice cream. A quartered banana is propped points down, into the four corners of the glass, and whipped cream is piled on top. Chopped coconut is sprinkled on the whipped cream and a cherry tops

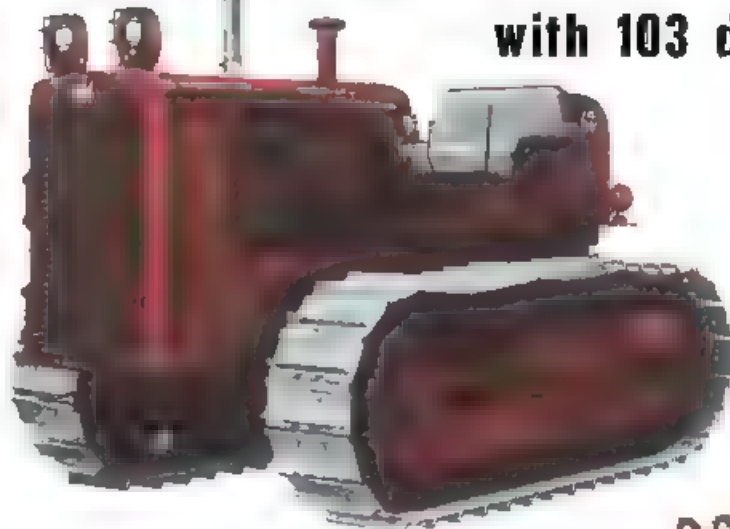
the whole awesome challenge. The price of this sundae, which protrudes a full three inches above the top of the tall glass, is forty-five cents, and anybody who can eat two of them should consult his physician.

For such delicacies, and others like them, the caravans keep pouring through Stony Creek. The one curious note about the evolution of the ice-cream parlor is that with all the changes in volume in refrigeration and in numbers of customers, there has really been no basic change at all. Forty-five years ago

it was the fashion to stroll to the park for a band concert or to take your best girl to a movie and then top off an inexpensive day with a sundae at the ice cream parlor. Today, for fifty miles around Stony Creek at least, it's the fashion to take the family for a drive and top off an inexpensive day with a sundae at George Dawson's ice cream supermarket.

Essentially, under its flashy exterior, the new ice-cream parlor is pretty much like the old. It's just that it's done up in asphalt. ★

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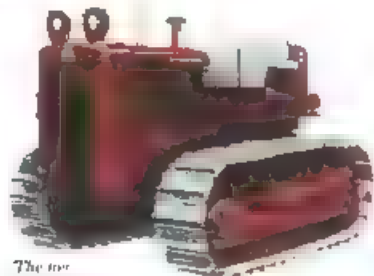
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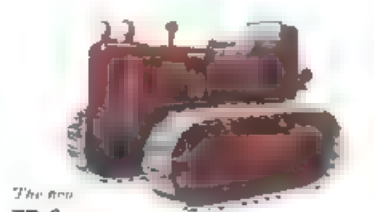
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"You're going to look like Regina Lee" said Joseph, sp'n with laughter. "Stop" said Mrs. Joe and sat on him.



When every woman looked like Regina Lee

Continued from page 21

other party and make us the other party? But of course folks were just too happy with the Liberals. Time was, I'm told, when the Liberals were slow about social reforms but they soon saw that the specialists might get powerful and it wasn't long before they out-socialized the socialists. Then there was a plot representing the farmers—that was before this crate for a case when we used to eat a lot of wheat—so they quickly looked after agriculture. Then there was the Science Party which advocated living in a scientific manner so everyone had a nice warm house at little cost and the latest gadgets to put in it. Well, it didn't take the Liberals long to see the benefits of that, so they soon out-scienceed the scientists.

But I'll say this for the Science men they didn't give up that easy. They had it figured with one of their electronic brains that the Liberal Party was going to call an election in 1973 and they were prepared. They got some big surprise ready to use for their campaign. I can see the headlines like it was yesterday.

SCIENCE PARTY PROMISES AMAZING NEW ADVANCE

They didn't say what it was though. I can still remember when we were setting the trap lines in the snow and we had Eskimo Joe in the distance. He was calling we caught up.

"Well, Joe," says Dad. "I'll say this for Dad. He treated everyone like his equal and an Eskimo was just as interesting to Dad as a white man. What do you think his here Science Party has up its sleeve?"

Joe blinked and looked away at the midnight sun, which was just dipping down. He had kind of an undernourished look—physique. Most people think of an Eskimo as being a great big muscular man. But Eskimo Joe was a scrawny fellow. He was skinny and kind of pale, considering, and he wore glasses.

My analysis of the situation is that the forces of reaction—the Liberal Party—have antagonized a powerful psychic urge in the common or garden man—and in so doing, have set in motion powers that may ultimately destroy the

Eskimo Joe had a PhD but he didn't hold this against Dad any. He treated everyone like his equal too.

Dad thought a long time about what Eskimo Joe had said. "I see," he said. "What a garden man was it. I can't understand Eskimo Joe. We worked alone in silence for about an hour and all you could hear was the crunch crunch as we struggled across the hard-packed snow, and the howling sound as

Dad tried to throw out his fingers after fixing the trap.

Finally Dad spoke. "I agree, maybe you're right, Joe. But what deep-sea source is there in the common man?"

"Women," said Joe. "What about the garden man?" I figured a question like that would impress Eskimo Joe but he didn't answer. In fact that's all he would say for the rest of the trip. Eskimos don't talk much, even PhDs.

Well, it turned out Joe was right. The Science people had gathered up all the statistics about what people had, and what they would like to have, and what they didn't have, and then they fed the statistics into one of their new electronic computers along with the question: Who is people want to elect? I make a win the election.

Back came the answer: "I can't wait a minute for women to look like Regina Lee."

You've never heard of Regina Lee? Well, let me tell you: she was the sort of woman that could make a man set a trap line in forty-below weather without his parka on, and never feel the cold. She was the kind of woman that got the northern lights off course once and kept them sparking over Toronto till the Ontario Hydro had to ask her to move along—and six hundred Hydro engineers went, too, to keep her company on her journey west. She was the kind of woman that made sedate Calgary oilmen suddenly throw up the r Stetsons and buy themselves a wild horse to carry them three hundred miles of the city in her honor. In the Calgary Valley the snow had dropped fast so it just scratched and shivered against the trees. They say there was a scientist who didn't think it was worth it. And when Regina Lee got to Vancouver she gave them something new in we there: it stopped raining, and just snowed.

Well, to get back to my story: Regina Lee was Canadian but she was from Prince Edward Island. If you want to know, but she continued to leave because of the traffic jams which blocked the highway. She was getting Canada on the map as far as movies and television were concerned. In the old days the movie centre of the whole world was in a place called Hollywood outside Los Angeles in the States. Well, of course, the stars were themselves trying to get Regina to come down there and let movies back in the profit bracket again, but she just stuck that beautiful chin in the air and shook down her platinum hair and sang O Canada right in their faces. That's the kind of girl Regina Lee was, and there wasn't a red-blooded

Canadian girl who didn't want to look just like her. What's more, there wasn't a red-blooded Canadian man who didn't want his red-blooded Canadian girl to look just like her.

So you see that electronic brain was plenty smart. But it was pretty hard to see how an answer like that was going to do the Science men much good. Still, there was no doubt that they had something up their sleeves. The next day the Toronto Star said:

SCIENCE MEN PROMISE HEAVEN TO EVERYONE

and the Vancouver Sun headlined

YIPPEE, MEN, THIS IS IT!

and even the Kitchikwa Kalendar wrote: we got a month off, said

SCIENCE PARTY TO WARM ARCTIC

The Science Party was promising something pretty wonderful, it seemed, but they still hadn't come right out and said what it was. Excitement throughout Canada reached a fever pitch, and even Eskimo Joe was finding it hard to concentrate on his revised translation of Kant's Critique of Pure Reason.

Finally, after they kept the nation in a state of suspense for nearly a month they set a day for the announcement. Well, as far as that was! They say that in Edmonton—that was the nearest big city to us—they had to declare a civic holiday because no one would work anyway. And when the three o'clock deadline for the announcement neared in Toronto, the CBC had to give up their regular of the I like know's works of the unknown composer Abner Ebenezer Louks, because the place was jammed with taxpayers demanding the news.

And what news it was, when it finally came. The front page of the Toronto Globe and Mail had nothing on it except this blazing headline which occupied the whole page: in red and orange type:

SCIENCE PARTY PROMISES THAT EVERY WOMAN IN THE COUNTRY TO LOOK LIKE REGINA LEE !!!

And out west where they aren't so sedate the Calgary Herald simply put one diagonal headline across its front page:

YAHOO !!!

In Victoria, the distinguished columnist, Peter Highby, upon reading the news from the teletype, forgot himself so far as to utter an unheeded statement of personal feeling. "I say, isn't this corking? Imagine Mrs. Highby looking like Regina Lee!" In Montreal the slogan became "La vie est Lee!" And in Quebec, there were so many candles lit in reverent thankfulness that a church burned down. But nobody cared anyway except the good air. He found it hard to enter wholeheartedly into the spirit of the thing, but when he endeavored to demonstrate with his flock and speak to them about spiritual values they tipped their hats and said good-bye. "O Canada!" and then hurried off as fast as they could to get to their homes in the village streets.

Dad and I had traveled down to Alaska to hear the announcement. It can't mean much to us, but we made it. We didn't have any woman to look after or to look after us. So we didn't have much spirit when we carried the news back to our camp and we were unprepared for the reception it got there. We told Eskimo Joe about it in an off-hand way. He looked at us and stopped, chewing his whole bumber. In fact his jaw fell open into the blubber tumbled out, and then he slowly turned around and looked at Mrs. Joe, squatting over

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Bright's Wines

"She didn't believe in equal rights for men and women. Men being slaves should keep their place"

a steaming mess of whale soup.

Then he smiled. It was a slow smile, starting from the middle of his lips and stretching cautiously outwards to the corners of his mouth, then opening his mouth to show the two shiny rows of perfect teeth. Then he sank bubbled over into a giggle and the giggle became a laugh and the laugh became a delighted roar and Eskimo Joe was holding his sides and dancing helplessly around the little hut pointing to Mrs. Joe with tears streaming down his face and his hands clatching his sides as he lay laughing tumbled over bellylaugh, and we just stood and stared. We'd never even seen Eskimo Joe smile before, because, as he sometimes explained to Dad he was a stoic. Dad always said privately that if he had a wife who looked like Mrs. Joe he'd darn well be stoical too; but of course Eskimo Joe said that his reason was based purely on philosophical speculation.

OF COURSE, now that we thought of it, Dad and I, we could see that it would be quite a thing if Mrs. Joe could be made to look like Regina Lee. Mrs. Joe was very fat and even in Eskimo terms she was no drowser. She wore a very plain, old sea jacket without even a fringe and the laces were broken on her moccasins. Her very straight black hair was tied back with a bit of whale fat and I never held so true part of it being over her face. Not that this was any disadvantage but there was still part of her face showing and that was bad. Her dark skin was very greasy and although most of the young squaws had taken to lipstick, Mrs. Joe always dismissed it saying:

Such frivolous adornments to the exterior not only nullify the fine old standards of our race but they tend to dissipate any tendency on the part of the individual to develop in the line of spiritual strength."

Mrs. Joe was a PhD too.

So when Eskimo Joe danced around the hut, helpless and doubled up with mirth, Mrs. Joe pulled herself up to her full height of five feet one and said in a commanding tone:

"Joseph! Stop that this instant!"

But Eskimo Joe couldn't stop. He was snorting so hard still that he could only gasp weakly:

"You're going to look just like Regina Lee!"

Then he'd go off into another paroxysm until we feared for the poor man's health.

Mrs. Joe then looked at him in a frozen sort of way. Then she walked over, took his weak and helpless hand between hers and, in two lightning jerks, threw him over her head and sat on him. Now we really feared for his health, for Mrs. Joe weighed a good fifty pounds more than he did. I guess Joe kind of saw the light too or else he realized that if he didn't straighten up, he'd never see the remarkable transformation. At any rate, he quieted down and managed to gasp:

Very well, Loona. Just get up and I'll promise to behave in a more satisfactory manner.

Mrs. Joe got up with as much dignity as it is possible to muster when you weigh two hundred pounds and are only five feet one. Then she turned slowly to Joe and spoke in measured tones:

I trust, Joseph, that you do not expect me to enter into any such foolish

and childish expressions of maternalism as this political party suggests."

Joe's face dropped. The laugh had faded to a grin and now the grin went down to a smile, and the smile faded from the outside in, and then his mouth sagged at the corners, and finally Eskimo Joe's expression would have made a starving wolf look like the laughing Cavalier.

Now Dad wasn't one to interfere with other folks' marriages, but Eskimo Joe was his friend, and besides, when Eskimo Joe was down, he could be an awful man to be with for two months of cold arctic winter on the trap lines. And it looked an awful lot like Eskimo Joe was sure going to be down.

Now our minute Loona ma'am, said Dad, touching his cap.

Loona looked at him coldly. She didn't believe in equal rights for men and women, she thought men were the slave race and should know their places.

What is it? Her voice sounded like an icicle dipped in the Arctic Ocean at sixty below.

"Well, ma'am, beggin' your pardon, but don't you think you might be going against democracy, if you don't go along with this?"

Eskimo Joe saw a glimmer of hope.

He's right, Loona. If you set yourself up in a minority position like that refusing to do what the rest of the nation wants, for purely personal reasons, you are placing yourself in the position of a pettulant.

Now if there's one thing Loona prided herself on, it was her democracy. And besides that deep down underneath Loona was feminine enough to want to look like Regina Lee, but no one but Dad ever would have guessed it. He told me later that the only reason he knew was that one day he'd come into the hut quietly and Loona hadn't seen him, and there she was trying on every lipstick ever invented. And you can believe this or not, said Dad, but they all looked worse on her than her natural color, so that's why she never wore any such trivial trappings.

Perhaps you're right," said Loona, and she threw an extra orson into the whale stew which showed that she was really happy underneath.

As for Eskimo Joe, he was a changed man. He threw Kari into a corner that night and went out and got drunk, and what's more look Mrs. Joe along, and they danced and sang just like any silly young couple. The next day we started out on the trap lines, but Eskimo Joe had kind of a bad head.

In view of the changed world situation," he said, "I suggest we go straight to Asvik and see what's going on, by tele-sion."

SO we headed for Asvik and found that things were really shaping up. It seems that the Science Party had found two powerful hormones, one of which would reduce a woman to any weight you wanted all in the correct proportions, and the other would make her look exactly like Regina Lee. They had done this by getting some blood from Miss Lee under false pretences, and extracting and distilling it for a couple of months. Then they fed a few sample questions about it to the electronic brain, but the brain lit up in every tube and blew a fuse. Even today they got the thing repaired, and the next time they fed up to it gradually.

one query at a time, and finally they got the answer. They tested it on one of the job technicians, and she promptly quit and went to work as Miss Lee's double at twice her former salary.

Well, of course the election was never in any doubt. The Science Party swept in with only fifty dissenting votes across the nation. They say even the Liberal members voted them in, and I guess they must have, because some of them had very plain looking wives. They didn't go to Hawaii either, like they'd been planning they stuck round to see him on.

The Science men and their electronic computers had everything well organized. In every major city they set up clinics, and took the women alphabetically. Some of them only took a month to make the changeover, but a few southern ones took up to six months. Of course it was complicated dreadfully by the tremendous influx of American immigrants. We'd always been looked upon as the little neighbor to the north, but things began to change so rapidly that we were soon being friendly to our small cousin to the south. Things looked a bit shaky for awhile when the president of the U. S. demanded to know what law prevented him from emigrating to Canada while in office, and the Science men only avoided an international situation by offering to make the president's wife an honorary citizen for three months or, in other words, for just long enough to make her look like Regina Lee.

Gradually every city became beautified, and the program began to spread to the outskirts. We went down to Edmonton about the time they had been operating for a month, and believe me, Edmonton was a sight to make me wish I was older than fifteen. As for Dad, he took one good long look along Jasper Avenue, down which three shapely platinum wenches were walking just like Regina Lee, even in their thick parkas and snowboots, and he took my hand and headed back to the airport, muttering something about keeping the young and old out of temptations way.

When the news got back to Eskom, Joe he and Mrs. Joe had another celebration. By this time Mrs. Joe was beginning to look good even without treatments. She had taken to fixing up quite a bit and had sewn bee-bag on her clothes to be ready for the change, and she had taken on such a happy look that she was getting to be pretty attractive without even looking like Regina Lee. As for Eskimo Joe, he was a changed man. He realized Mrs. Joe around their bar and laughed and joked like anyone else and never once mentioned how superior ancient Greece was to modern Canada.

I must admit Dad and I were getting excited too. The idea of Mrs. Joe and sitting around like those platinum blondes we'd seen in Edmonton would fire the imagination of anyone. It got to be our main topic of conversation, and kind of warmed up the lonely hours working over the train lines.

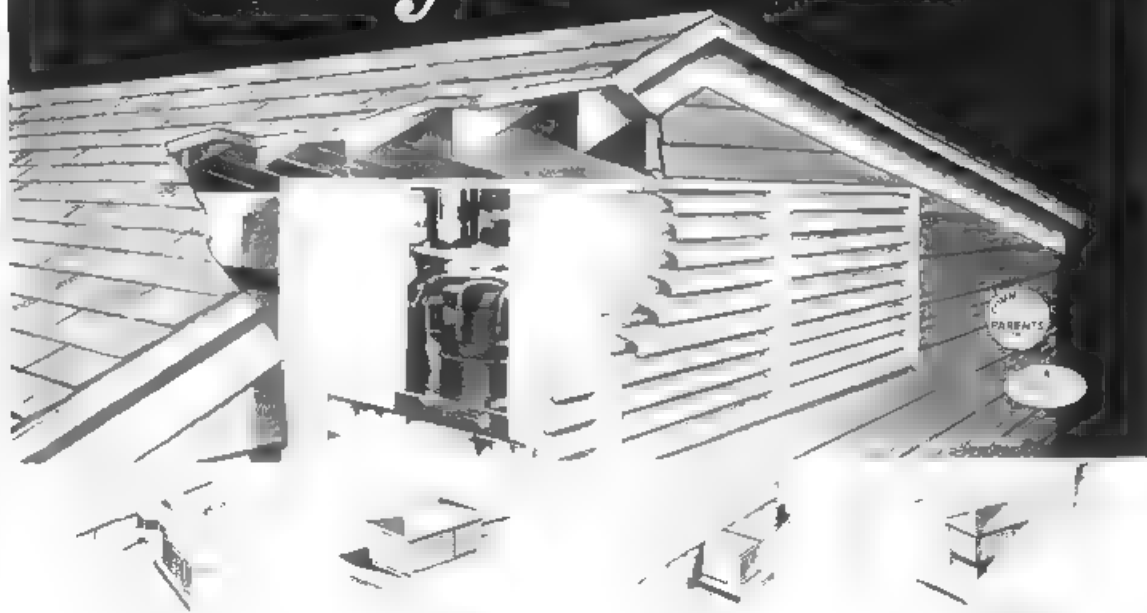
You know, son, Dad used to say when we'd been discussing the matter for awhile, "I'll die a happy man when my time comes if I see Mrs. Joe turned into Regina Lee. It isn't every generation that has a woman like those kind of machines. Dad was screaming about this, and I got to realize how I was luxury in the machine.

Finally the clinic opened at Akkavik, and excitement began to mount. It couldn't be too long till they got to Eskimo Landing. Joe and Mrs. Joe had another little celebration. When Dad tried to get Joe to come and help with the ones he said he and Mrs. Joe were planning a day off, but of course the days are quite long up there in the summer.

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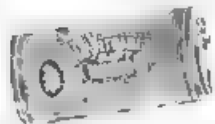
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Six months had almost passed by now when I had started changing the weather and kind of a funny thing was happening. The people who had come up from the States were going back. They didn't say why, just said they guessed they were getting old. In Montreal the whole population travelled out for a look at a *Habington* family that lived so far in the backwoods they hadn't heard the news, so that the wife still looked like a young girl. The husband looked worn in six months.

And in A. B. they found an isolator already way north of Cold Lake, where the girls hadn't been changed yet and each of those girls lived herself a home. Some TV contract ad brought several. They weren't much better looking than Mrs. Joe, now that she had started to brighten up. Turns thing wasn't it? As for the Science government people were by no means married and some said so. I Maxerick knew never would have changed the women. Reena Lee had used the movement for her fabulous salary for the next fifteen years, because obviously no one was going to look at her when everywhere there were women exactly like her. And all the cabinet ministers from the former government packed her suits and went to Hawaii.

The climax came on August 24. I'll tell you how I remember the day so well that was the day they promised the change to Eskimo Joe's village. Every day for a month we sat to each other, well, on thirty more days and then well on twenty-nine more days, and so on. When it got down to seven more days Eskimo Joe and Mrs. Joe started a big celebration, and when August 24 finally came Mrs. Joe looked like one. A miracle could change her into Reena Lee.

August 24. Everything blew up that day. All of a sudden from across the press set up a terrible clamor. At Ottawa the government asked for a vote of confidence and a cabinet meeting and that was the end of the Science government. All the former cabinet ministers had barely had time to adjust their lives when they had to turn around and come home and form a new government.

Yet see everyone else in the country was tired of looking at Regina Lees, nothing but Regina Lees everywhere they looked. But what about Mrs. Joe? And what about Eskimo Joe? And furthermore what about Dad and me who had been waiting impatiently for this transformation for months?

Well I'll tell you what about all of us. Eskimo Joe had become so ensnared by Mrs. Joe's newly acquired charms that he wouldn't have cared if she'd looked like—like Mrs. Joe. Mrs. Joe in spite of her F.D. had learned that the way to make a man happy don't hang too much on looks.

But Dad and me. The day Dad died he carried the Liberal government and I carried on the traditionalists. So of course people don't vote much nowadays, but in the few times I've been the only voter in this riding. Kind of exciting—a procession of TV cameras following me right up to the polls where I cast my secret ballot. Yet! For fifty-five years now I've sent the only Science member to parliament.

Oh I know Mrs. Joe is dead and I've and one of these days I'll be too old to care how the rest of the women look. But while I'm still young enough for ideas—well there's no harm in trying, is there? So as far as I'm concerned there'll be one person who won't be joining in this centennial celebration and that'll be me. I'll still be casting my vote for the Science Party. ★

The great cross-Canada hike continued from page 18

In her breeches, high boots and mackinaw jacket Jennie shocked the ladies and became a sensation

ing westward and perhaps find a job. How far?" Carr asked.

Burkman didn't hesitate about that. "Maybe to Vancouver," he said. And so the idea jelled, and grew stronger. In early January Burkman and Carr walked into the editorial offices of the *Hatifax Herald* and the *Hatifax Mail* and announced their plan to walk across the country on the CNR tracks to Saint John, N.B., and then they would follow the CPR tracks. They had arranged to have postcards printed showing the picture and a log of their hike and they intended to sell these to pay their way.

The newspapers seized on the story and offered to pay Burkman and Carr for reports on their walks. A byline by telegraph from railway stations along the route. The newspapers suggested they start a letter of request from the mayor of Halifax to the mayor of Vancouver.

On Monday Jan. 17, 1921, Burkman and Carr appeared on the steps of the Halifax city hall to start their trek. In a child's hour and for several hundred people had gathered. Hurriedly Mayor J. S. Parker wished them good luck and handed Burkman a letter to be delivered to the mayor of Vancouver. Then the men set out, many of the crowd on their heels. One adonver carried away by visions of the adventure begged them to let him join the trek. Mile by mile, his plans grew weaker until after five miles, he sat down on a stone and waved them farewell.

A shower of new boots

Burkman and Carr planned to walk about fifteen miles a day until the weather improved. Then, in the spring, they intended to step up the pace to thirty miles a day. They had calculated that it would take them seven months to get to Vancouver. If they had any idea that the trip would be a mere stroll for pleasure, it vanished on the third day when the temperature dropped to ten below zero. Frostbitten but cheerful, they walked all day to reach Truro, Nova Scotia's rail hub, by evening. They had completed sixty-four miles.

The next morning Truro turned out in hundreds to see the two men. They were showered with boots, clothing, food and cigarettes by Truro merchants. The postcards, at ten cents each, sold by the dozens. It was noon before they got away and more than a hundred people followed them through the railway yards and along the track.

Most of the Maritime newspapers had taken up the story and the accounts of how Burkman and Carr were being welcomed on their route across the country to other walkers. In Dartmouth an energetic postman named John Behan read them and decided to start out after the Halifax pair. He wrote to the *Hatifax Herald* and proposed a father-son walk. Burkman, senior, fairly for Carr and Carr Behan, twenty-four, would walk to Vancouver in six months—a whole month less than Burkman had estimated. They would pass Burkman and Carr before Montreal, they promised.

This the plan soon became a race. The Herald agreed to accept stories from the Behans, who fortified themselves with postcards, as Burkman and Carr had

done and started out. Although a middle-aged John Behan had been an ears ear, he was fit for the work. Then he and his son had served overseas with the *Hatifax Rules*. Since Dartmouth and Halifax, across the harbor from one another, are constant rivals, the entry of the Behans into the trek gave Dartmouth a chance to crow. The Behans were given a civic suit-off in Dartmouth, pocketed a letter from Mayor Simpson to the mayor of Vancouver, crossed the harbor by boat and started walking.

Then unexpectedly the casual odyssey became a three-way contest when a well-known Maritimes foot-racer named Frank Dil threw his hat in the ring with his wife Jennie. Dil from Windsor, N.S., had enjoyed some local prowess as a runner, he worked in a Dartmouth run country. He and his wife were fellow sports, they fished and hiked together. They had decided to head for Vancouver too. They advised the *Hatifax Herald*, which by now had found itself out of official notice.

The Herald welcomed the entry for an addition to the fact that Dil was a public figure. Mrs. Dil had women's interests. Although an angler and hiker she was by no means mannish, but quite small, dark, feminine and plucky.

Thus three teams were in the race, and when the fact that it was a race by some means, the kind of race. The two of the teams of the Behans were appointed. Each team had a leader and a follower. The eight of ways were friendly enough. But when the Behans began to press on their heels, and then the Dil's, but was another thing.

I won't be forced into racing across Canada, Carr insisted. And so, at Peterborough, fifteen miles west of Moncton, N.B., he got on a train and went back to Halifax. Burkman went on alone, after a group of Halifax sportsmen in the throes of civic pride collected five hundred dollars to spur him on.

As January ended, Burkman was at Westford, N.B., the Behans were at Dorchester, having walked through a blizzard. They had gained a day and a half on Burkman, and were still confident they could pass him before Montreal.

Frank and Jennie Dil appeared on the stage of the old Majestic Theatre in Halifax the last evening in January. They made a big hit. Jennie in particular. The next morning two thousand people met in front of the *Hatifax Herald* building to see the couple make their start. Jennie wore a sensation dressed in riding breeches, boots with high leather heels and a mackinaw jacket and cap. In 1921 it was unheard of for a woman to wear men's clothing. The crowd was given Frank Dil's few employees the day off and they it rained out with banners and horns.

The popularity of the Dil's far exceeded that of the others. At Shubenacadie the Ladies Aid of the Presbyterian Church insisted that they stay at the home of one of its members. In Truro their reception surpassed even the arrival of a circus. They were met by a parade of school children. They sold more than two hundred postcards and left Truro loaded with gifts.

The Behans arrived at Saint John, N.B., on Feb. 4, having walked forty-five miles

in one day. They had been royally received everywhere except at Norton, N.B., where the station agent unexplainedly harangued a crowd to incite violence against the bikers.

By Feb. 6 Barkman was well into Maine, halfway to Montreal. He was riding on the Maine Central rails over which the CPR had no riding rights. He had been caught in a snowstorm and would have to seek shelter. A snowplow came along and Barkman fell in behind it to cover thirty miles that day. The train crew pleaded with him to get on and ride but he refused. This happened to all the contests on many times.

The night of Feb. 6 the Behans reached Fredericton Junction, N.B., while the Dills made Amherst, N.S. after walking 11 day up to their ankles in slush. All through the next week there were heavy snows in New Brunswick and Maine. The Behans one day made only eleven miles, the Dills ten miles.

By Feb. 15 Barkman had arrived at Sherbrooke, Que., having walked 65 miles in twenty-one days. The Behans were at Longport, Me., 531 miles in twenty-one days, while the Dills were at Saint John, 274 miles in fourteen days. The Behans announced that they had given up hope of passing Barkman before Montreal, but said they would pass him in northern Ontario.

Walking in wild country all five contestants often feared they would be attacked by animals, but then shrugged it off as unlikely. Suddenly on Feb. 15 the Behans had a taste of what was ultimately to confront all of the walkers. Pacing along a desolate stretch of track they heard growling in the bushes to the side and three wildcats bounded out. Jack Behan drew a revolver. The wildcats dashed a few yards away crawling slowly. Then one leaped. Behan fired. The cat wound, prepared to leap a second time. Behan fired twice more and the wildcat lay dead. Its companions vanished like ghosts into the bushes.

No wildcat but a policeman stalked the Dills outside Saint John. He took them for tramps and walked up to arrest them for trespassing on railway property.

"Meet the wife," said Frank Dill. The policeman looked at Jennie and then his face broke out in a grin.

Why it's Jennie Dill, he said as he recognized the face from newspaper pictures. He escorted them into Saint John.

Women flock to see Jennie Dill, and her charm won everyone's heart. Before starting, Jennie had listened to friends discuss with her to give up the trip. Some said she would not last to Leuro. But she was 274 miles later and feeling better than when she started.

On Feb. 19 crowds lined Montreal streets to see Barkman arrive. He stayed at the Windsor Hotel where kings had stayed before him and was hustled to waiters and reporters. He had made sixteen changes of shoes, the way of the prophet. Broad-toed, heavy pair of shoe-packs most comfortable. He had a few blisters—most of his trouble was caused by socks. The toughest part of the walk was and thus proved himself a poor prophet.

By the time Barkman left Montreal on Feb. 21 the Behans were at Sherbrooke and coming fast. It had taken Barkman thirty-four days to cover the 760 miles to Montreal while the Behans did their 850 miles to Sherbrooke in twenty-six days. The Dills were at Lambert Lake, Maine, 385 miles from Halifax in nineteen days.

Barkman lost time on the walk from Montreal to Ottawa. The maze of railway tracks put him off and by mistake he got on the Grand Trunk line instead of the CPR. At the time he should have been in Ottawa he found himself at Chesherville, Ont.

On Feb. 25 he finally reached Ottawa. He was taken in hand by P. F. Martin, MP for Halifax and was introduced to members, cabinet ministers, the leader of the Opposition and to Prime Minister Arthur Meighen. Barkman was a likable, young man who made friends easily and

in Ottawa he received hundreds of letters of encouragement from all over Canada.

As February ended the standing of the contestants was:

Barkman at Renfrew, Ont., 975 miles in 17 days.

Behans at Plantagenet, Ont., 859 miles in 24 days.

Dills at Lowelltown, Me., 477 miles in 27 days.

The Behans arrived in Ottawa on March 1. They had had hard going, especially in Maine where they had hit the

worst of the storms. At one place they had to crawl over a railway trestle on their hands and knees for fear of being carried away by a gale. The Behans also made the rounds in Ottawa, met the prime minister, attended Commons debates.

On the road again they were pursued by animals this time wolves. They did not have to defend themselves however, and spent a night sleeping in a barn. They suffered greatly from the cold and had to get up and walk around to get warm.

The Dills walk had been unevenly

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up to St. Philippe, Que. There the station agent was just closing up. They asked him to send a telegram for them to the Halifax Herald.

"Can you speak French?" he asked.

"No."

"Well you'd better keep on walking," he stated, slamming the door.

The Dills had seen nothing more dangerous than a deer on their travels, but they had one near mishap in Maine. They were walking one on each rail, with a stick between them for balance. The track was downgrade with a sharp curve. Suddenly they felt the rails vibrate beneath them. Glancing back they were shocked to see a locomotive bearing down on them. They jumped just in time. The engine had been coasting downhill and the engineer could not see them for the curve.

Back in Halifax, interest in the race was intense. One Halifax man bet a thousand dollars the Behans would catch Burkmann by March 12. It had become known that Burkmann was having foot trouble. He had reached North Bay by March 8, but his boots were in bad shape and he lost a day getting new boots.

The Behans arrived in North Bay on March 10. Nothing was heard of them for several days and it was believed they were taking a short cut to pass Burkmann. But they were merely keeping quiet so as not to hurt Burkmann. How close they were to him, however, is overruled by March 12.

On March 13 Burkmann pushed a sprint in which he walked seventy miles in six days. He had made his foot a better skate contrivance which he placed against one rail while he walked on the other. This gadget had a couple of rods with handles and by leaning against it he maintained balance. Burkmann could walk along the rail at a steady clip.

Necessity was the mother of this invention as the rock ballast on the tracks in northern Ontario was so coarse that to walk on it was almost impossible.

While the two leaders were neck and neck, the Dills had reached Ottawa. As at most everywhere else, their reception surpassed anything experienced by their rivals. The women of Ottawa flocked to see the little woman who had taken on a man-sized walk.

Then on March 14 the Behans overtook Burkmann at Azilda, Ont. Burkmann, passing through Chelmsford, had arranged with the telegraph operator to wire him at Azilda if the Behans, on their arrival at Chelmsford, planned to carry on farther that day. The Behans talked the operator into believing they were staying in Chelmsford for the night. Then they quietly slipped out, Burkmann getting word that the Behans were spending the night at Chelmsford, decided to spend the night at Azilda. The Behans arrived in Azilda late at night and went to the same hotel where Burkmann was staying.

About 2 a.m. the hotel proprietor awakened Burkmann and told him the Behans were there. Burkmann dressed at once and started out. The Behans rose at 4:30 and took after him. They caught up to him at Chelmsford a few miles along the road. The men shook hands and they walked along together. They covered fifteen miles before stopping for breakfast. For the rest of the day they walked together, able to pass the other. The rail was now double tracked; each took a track and they could breast

the resistance. March saw the most strenuous snows. Burkmann and the Behans at Pigeon, Ont. Burkmann after fifty-seven days while the Behans were on the road forty-nine days. Dills at Ottawa, 874 miles in forty-two days.

The third week of March saw heavy

storms in northern Ontario and the hikers had to work for every mile. The Behans and Burkmann struggled on together for three days, neither able to gain a lead. On March 18 Burkmann finally gave his opponents the slip by getting out ahead at Wawan River.

Then followed three days that the Behans were silent. Were they using their strategy of not giving their position away? The truth was that they were lost. They had been told by an Indian guide that a side track, which ran through logging country, joined up again with the CPR and would cut off one hundred miles. Instead, it ended at a camp fifty miles in the bush. The only way to get back on the CPR was to retrace their steps. They walked an extra hundred miles and wasted three days.

They loudly blamed Burkmann, saying that he had put the Indian up to tricking them to take the short cut.

Meanwhile, mile by mile, the Dills were gaining. They were not without their either. On March 22 they were walking along the track near Ratherglen when a wolf came bounding behind them. Jennie Dill had a revolver in her belt. As the wolf sprang at Frank, she drew the gun and fired. The bullet stopped the wolf. Frank killed it with another shot.

By the time the Behans got back on the main line the Dills were at North Bay. Burkmann had kept on for four days out on March 26 the Behans again overtook him at White River, 347 miles from Halifax.

Now as the Behans and Burkmann fought for the lead and the Dills began to press on their heels, an element of intrigue was added to the other fantastic travails of the cross-country sideshow. Mrs. Dill carried a letter when she revealed that she had received two letters from Charlie Burkmann. She claimed her husband was jealous, he thought Burkmann was holding back so the Dills could catch up to him.

A gift from the duchess

At King, Ont., Burkmann again gave the Behans the slip. He moved out in the middle of the night when the Behans were sleeping. The temperature was eleven below zero, and he thought this would discourage them from trying to catch him, but when he was ten miles out he was surprised to hear Jack Behan had him. They walked together the rest of the day and stopped that night at Heron Bay.

The next day the Behans turned the tables and slipped away on Burkmann. About one mile out they had their first glimpse of Lake Superior and at Perin, Minn., they were told that the special train of the Duke of Devonshire, governor general of Canada, was due in ten minutes.

They waited, and when the train stopped they asked to see the duke. They were gruffly refused, but Jack Behan slipped aboard and saw the duke's secretary, who became interested in his tale and arranged for the duke and duchess to receive the two men. The governor general autographed their books and they received gifts from the duchess.

The end of March saw the Behans leading at Jackfish, Ont., 1,596 miles and sixty-five days out of Halifax. Burkmann was a short distance behind and the Dills were at Wawan River, 1,310 miles and on the road fifty-eight days.

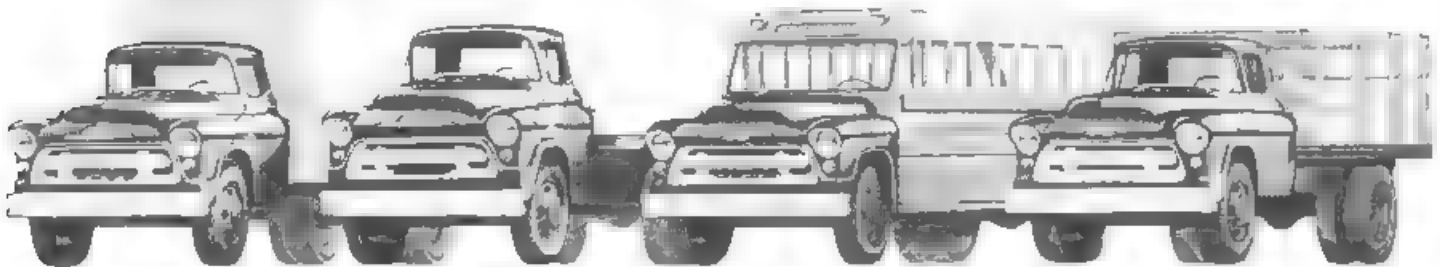
The first of April brought another intense storm. The station agent at Wawan, Ont., warned the Behans but they disregarded his advice. They made only sixteen miles that day and the storm was so bad they again had to crawl over trees. Burkmann was not heard from after this.

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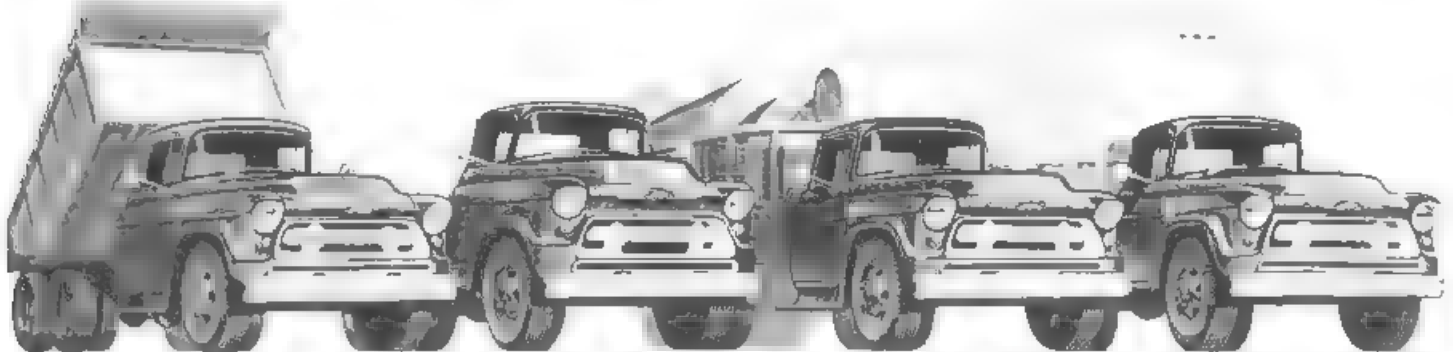
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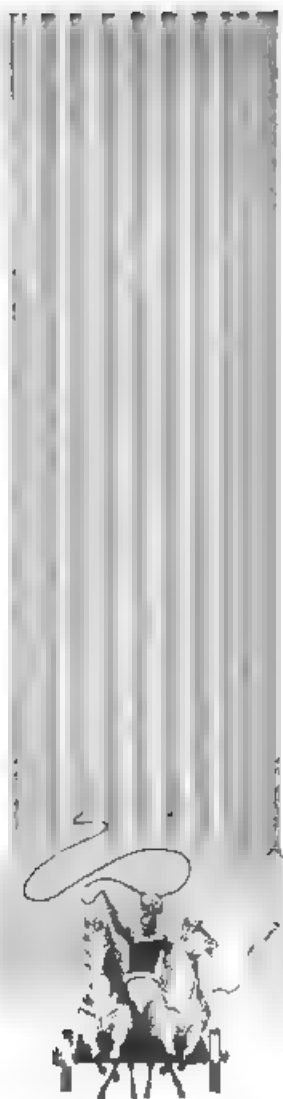
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storm and fears were felt for his safety. However he suddenly waked up and stepped the Behans on the back in the post office at Cavers, Ont.

Meanwhile the Dills were making good time. They did sixty-two miles in two days to reach Woman River and they were doing over thirty miles on most days.

The three men in the lead were walking together on April 4 when they were attacked by wolves. It was near Ruby, Ont. and they were still going after dark. They saw two wolves howling behind them in the moonlight and they shone flashlight beams.

Someone had told the Behans there was a shack about four miles along the track and they made for there the wolves at their heels. At the shack they barred the door. There was little sleep as the wolves howled all night.

This was wild, sparsely settled country, but the Lakehead cities were near. On April 6 the hikers reached Port Arthur. Hundreds were at the station to greet Burkman, while the Behans were met by former Nova Scotians who took them to Fort Williams.

While the leaders were at the Lakehead, the Dills reached Franz, Ont. having struck warm weather. Fair-complexioned Frank Dill was suffering from sunburn.

On April 8 the Behans passed the half-way mark of the journey. This was Sarnia, Ont. Burkman was about eighty miles behind while the Dills were at Peninsula after doing forty miles in a contest. They were making better time than any of the others. The Behans now had a two-day lead on Burkman, who nevertheless had a two-day rest and was eager to pass his rivals.

On April 13 the Dills lost time getting boots repaired. They were entertained at a party given in Cavers. When they left Cavers the wives of the telegraph operators motored to Gurney, eleven miles along the route, cooked dinner in the open, and had it ready when the Dills arrived. This is typical of the kindness of the people through northern Ontario.

About this time the Behans began to have trouble with blistered feet. On April 14 they walked only seventeen miles. Burkman was not heard from for four days. It was rumored he was injured falling from a precipice on a short cut. He finally turned up at Roth, having been injured when he slipped on a trail and sprained his hip.

On April 20 the Behans reached Winnipeg, eighty to a day after leaving Halifax. The same day Burkman walked forty-five miles to reach Kenora while the Dills finished the day at English River.

Past the halfway point in their trek, the walkers began to exert even greater efforts and the strain told on a lot of them. On April 28 Burkman walked 110 miles and covered fifty-five miles before stopping to rest at Port Arthur, Ont. In Winnipeg two days earlier, he had stopped only long enough to pick up summer underwear.

On May 1 the Behans were at Elkhorn, 235 miles in 103 days and the Dills were in Winnipeg 2170 miles in 88 days. By May 5 Burkman started traveling at night to avoid walking in the heat of the day. His first night he walked only thirty miles.

Then on May 5, a sandstorm caught all the hikers. The Behans however made Kenora. Burkman was at Virden, forced again to get new boots, and for a few days he was again slowed down.

On May 9 all Canada thrilled to hear that Frank and Jennie Dill had caught

up with Burkman at Broadview, Sask. The Behans were at Ernfold, 161 miles ahead.

The record of the hikers up to this point was:

Dills, average 25 2/3 miles per day;
Behans, average 25 1/2 miles per day;
Burkman, average 21 2/3 miles per day.

The middle of May saw a contest and driving horse racing. The Dills were only a day and a half behind the leaders. Burkman, who was suffering from sore feet, was falling behind. At almost every town the Dills were besieged by photographers and reporters. They put on a sprint to Calgary and walked fifty-two miles at one stretch which cut the Behans lead to forty-one miles. However they now lost a day in Calgary which they greatly regretted later. So many easterners wanted to enter in them that they found it hard to relax. The Behans thus gained a day's walk.

By the night of May 27 the Behans reached Lake Louise. They had suffered from nosebleeds, caused by exertion and the fact they were unaccustomed to higher altitudes. They slept on the station platform at Lake Louise and this

Book passed

The novel that I met and loved
On classical excursions
Somehow do not transport me with
Their quickie televisions

PHILENE HAMMER

a most cost them the race, for Clifford Behan caught a chill.

The pressure began to tell on the walkers' nerves too, and when Jack Behan heard that the Dills had walked fifty-two miles in a day he was not only skeptical, but outraged.

He claimed it was impossible for a woman to perform such a feat. He said the world's record for walking for a woman was forty-seven miles in one day held by an American woman. Jennie Dill, however, proved capable of even more.

Behan was beginning to show the results of the long grind. He had lost fourteen pounds and was constantly tired. The Dills now were really driving. They left Morley on a Saturday morning and made Banff by night, having walked forty-two miles. Jennie was so exhausted she couldn't even talk. However the next morning they left Banff and actually arrived in Field, B.C., a few hours after the Behans had left.

May ended with the race drawing near its end. The Behans were at Glacier, 3,225 miles in 125 days, the Dills were but a few miles behind being on the road 118 days; Burkman was at Banff. Clifford Behan's back had been bothering him since the cold sleep on the platform at Lake Louise. The pain became so severe he could hardly move. Clifford insisted that his father keep going. He said he would go to Revelstoke by train and seek medical attention.

When Jack Behan arrived in Revelstoke he found his son in bed in the YMCA. A cold had settled in the muscles of his back. But he insisted on getting up, going back by train to where he had abandoned the hike and then walking to Revelstoke to catch up with his father. Thus the Behans pressed on and by June 4 they were back in their stride. That day they walked fifty miles in fifteen hours to Kamloops. Burkman

likewise was now fired with ambition to catch up and he walked a hundred and forty miles in three days.

When the leaders were at Spatsum, the Dills were at Kamloops, forty-seven miles behind. Burkman was at Sicamous, eighty-eight miles behind the Dills. At this point Jennie Dill accused the Behans of cheating. She claimed that according to the times the Behans reported being in each town they must on one occasion have walked thirty-three miles in four hours. The Behans made no reply to the charge.

When the Dills reached Spatsum they were a day behind the leaders. Had it not been for dailying in Calgary they might have taken the lead.

June found the Behans at Haig with only eighty-nine miles to go. The Dills were at Kamloops with 149 miles remaining, with Burkman reaching Kamloops on that day. On June 12 the Behans by an all-night hike arrived in Vancouver and moved out the Dills. They walked sixty-one miles in twenty-two hours and were exhausted to the point of collapse. The Vancouver Sun reported that the hike had left its mark and "it was hard to determine who was father and who was son."

The hike of the Behans from Halifax to Vancouver was 3,645 miles in 136 days. The Dills arrived on June 14 and were declared the winners. They had gained five full days on the Behans. Burkman was still eighty-one miles out when he arrived in Vancouver on June 16.

Jennie Dill was terribly thin at the end of the hike and all the hikers were deeply tanned. None had an ounce of surplus weight. This was the end of the great cross-Canada hike, but it wasn't the last heard of the intrepid hikers. Jack Behan took his defeat hard and challenged Dill and Burkman to race from Montreal to Halifax. He claimed that he was the fastest walker that Dill had been held up by his wife, while he had been held up by his son.

The others took him up, and in Montreal and Halifax interest was intense. Sportsmen in Halifax put up a thousand dollars to be awarded as prizes. The start was set for ten o'clock the morning of July 5 but the previous evening Burkman decided to withdraw. Behan and Dill were still having challenges so it was decided that the two of them would race.

The weather was the hottest Montreal had seen for years. At the start on the morning of July 7, the temperature was over a hundred. The hikers walked along the streets to the tracks of the Grand Trunk Railway. They walked thirty miles to St. John's, and both men were nearly prostrate with the heat. The next morning they started out, but at Foster, Que. Dill collapsed. The temperature was 104 degrees. The doctor refused to let him continue. Behan readily agreed to give up the contest.

What became of the contestants in this grueling test? Frank Dill died in Halifax in 1928. Jennie remarried and died in Halifax in 1941. John Behan now lives in Arlington, Mass., and his son Clifford is living in Cambridge, Mass. Burkman had a ticket from Montreal to Halifax, but never used it and probably stayed in Montreal.

John Behan now nearing eighty, still claims he and his son were the only ones who walked all the way and he's sorry today that they did.

"We came home broke," he says, "our families in debt, and we couldn't get work. We had to move to the U.S. to pay our debts." Like all the walkers Behans fame ended when he stopped walking. ★

a teen-ager I know. He described rock 'n roll as "music with a beat." What kind of beat? "If you feel it you don't need to describe it," he said scornfully.

I headed for a record store. The clerks didn't know *what* rock 'n roll was, but they seemed to know *which*. Among the items so classified were a rock 'n roll waltz, a rock 'n roll mambo, a rock 'n roll polka and several rock 'n roll versions of Chopin and Tchaikovsky. Almost every performer except Helen Traubel seemed to have recorded something in the field. Vaughn Monroe, for instance, is currently conducting his thematic race with the moon on a Rock 'n Roll Express.

I have to report that I could find no common denominator in my samplings. In subject matter they ranged from cow boy ballads to blues. In style they ranged from Rock Around the Clock, which is a pep rally backed by a whole jazz band, to The Great Pretender, which is a tormented lament lamped down by a single neoclassical piano chord.

I did however make five more or less unrelated observations.

1. Few rock 'n roll records are purely instrumental (almost all have some sort of accompanying chant).

2. Most of these chants are crude in the sense of wanting finish. Almost the entire burden of Tutti Frutti, for instance, consists of the curious phrase "tutti frutti and rooty."

3. Many of the lyrics are crude in the other sense. One exhibit: Somebody Touched Me in the Dark Last Night.

4. A lot of vocalists seem able to get from one syllable to the next only by a series of shunts, as in "hi-luh-huh-huh-huh-uh-huh."

5. I had played Rock A Bunch of Boogie and See Ya, Later Alligator was on the turntable when I discovered I was beating out a solid background on my notebook with my pen.

Armed with these impressions I tackled I Wood Glover, the disk jockey again. "What about the beat?" I said.

Glover said it was the thunderous beat that created the mass hysteria. He said, "If you listen to it alone it sounds ridiculous. But in the presence of hundreds of people who are mesmerized like you are, if you feel like clapping your hands, you do — just like at the old revival meetings."

To this Rev. W. G. McPherson, minister of the Evangel Temple Taron B. snorts. "It isn't like the old revivalist music where people were moved upon by the spirit of the Lord. This music works on a man's emotions like the music of the heathen in Africa."

Glover also said, "It's not just an auditory thing, it's visual, too. There's a choreography that goes with it. Look at Presley's antics."

Presley, who has the Marlon Brando-type face, mean and an unashamed voice, handles his guitar as though he snatched it at just as he was sinking out of sight in quicksand. He helps with his hips. It was this uninhibited technique that helped catapult Presley, a twenty-one-year-old ex-truck driver from Mississippi, into a contract with RCA Victor that's expected to net him a quarter million dollars this year. (A canny public-recording-booth manager recognized him as a genuine earth-shaker when Presley strayed in one day two years ago to try cutting a record for his mother.)

Rock 'n roll was beginning by now to sound like a mystical experience. I decided the next step in my discipline was

a dancing lesson. An impeccably helpful young person at the Arthur Murray Studios agreed, for ten dollars, to initiate me into rock 'n roll and forthwith taught me the "magic step" that would enable me to dance to anything. However, his attempts to coax from me the pelvic embroideries that transformed this into

rock 'n roll were a failure. Beyond garnering an impression that "rock" meant an unspecific bob to the rear and "roll" a highly specific sideways wiggle, I departed as baffled as I came.

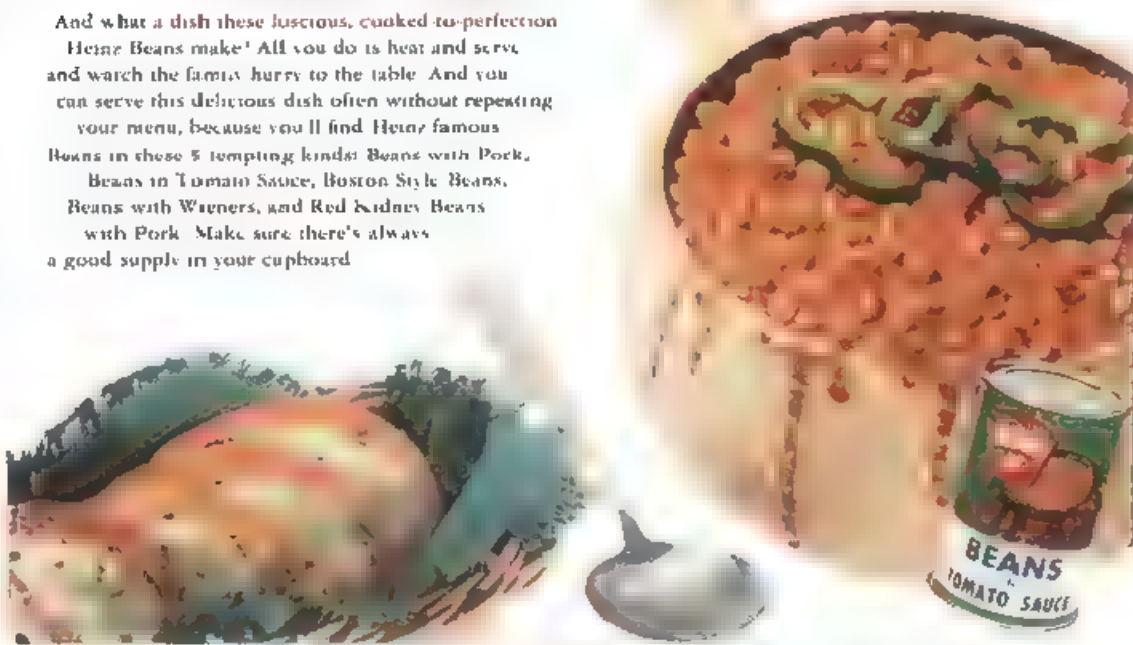
In this moment of stultinate I got a break. It was announced that the Biggest Rock 'n Roll Show of '56 would soon arrive in Toronto. This was a mammoth touring package show presented by Super Attractions and starring Bill Haley the man who wrote Rock Around the Clock, Shake Rattle and Roll, See You Later Alligator and Crazy Man Crazy.

Sales of each of these recordings have passed a million. Haley, now twenty-eight, is a soft-voiced Detroit born guitarist who's been a musician since he was fourteen. He and his group called the Comets, star in a full-length Columbia film, called Rock Around the Clock, crammed with such inflammatory musical goodies that theatre managers are refusing to book it or, if they book it, call in extra police protection.

To prepare for the Haley show, which would undoubtedly pierce the final veil of the mystery, I redoubled my research.

Main Course dish with a dash!

And what a dish these luscious, cooked-to-perfection Heinz Beans make! All you do is heat and serve, and watch the family hurry to the table. And you can serve this delicious dish often without repeating your menu, because you'll find Heinz famous Beans in these 5 tempting kinds: Beans with Pork, Beans in Tomato Sauce, Boston Style Beans, Beans with Wieners, and Red Kidney Beans with Pork. Make sure there's always a good supply in your cupboard.



Family Favourite ready in a flash!

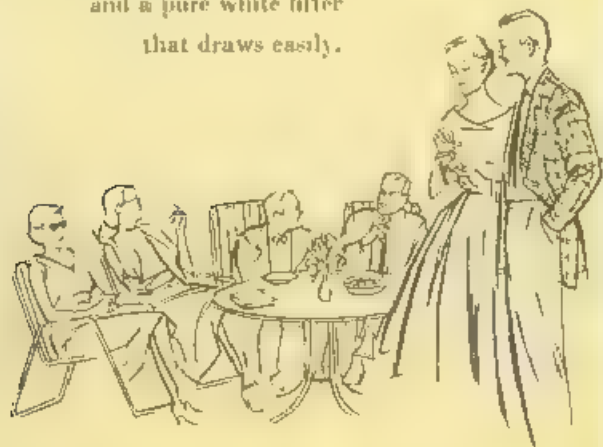
Minutes! That's all it takes to heat and serve delicious Heinz Spaghetti in Heinz own mouth watering tomato and cheese sauce. And you better make sure there's some left in the saucepan, because sure as anything there'll be shouts for seconds when you serve this family favourite. Good idea to have some Heinz Spaghetti with Meat, Heinz Macaroni with Cheese Sauce and Heinz Macaroni in Tomato Sauce on hand too. They're always popular with family or guests.



Watch "I Love Lucy" on TV, Wednesdays, 8:30 p.m.



Discerning smokers
are discovering that Malinee
has all the refinements they look for
in a cigarette . . . quality,
mildness, good taste,
and a pure white filter
that draws easily.



efforts and realized anew that rock 'n roll rides could not be taken lightly. For instance Frank Tarpine, a Toronto Telegram columnist who had started an Elvis Suppresley club for rock 'n roll anti-fans, said he was convinced the craze had a strong sexual basis. He also complained that he'd been flooded with a lot of abusive mail from Presley fans. His correspondents, it seemed, had called him "a old fashioned classical music lover," as well as "a dried up toad."

A newspaper story reported that Presley fans in the U. S. like to carve his name into their forearms with pocket knives. Presley fans in Toronto haven't gone that far yet, but one of them wrote him a poem that read:

Elvis Presley, what a god!
Six foot two, boy he's in!
Dreamy eyes, wavy hair,
I'm tellin' you, he's all there.

I heard that Jack Wasserman, a columnist for the Vancouver Sun, had offered a Frank Sinatra long play record as the best letter that completed in fifty words or less, the following sentence: "I hate Elvis Presley because . . ." One typical letter went: Presley's appeal is sensual, directed toward a generation of juvenile automatons who respond to only two things, lust and the whip." Another more practical letter read: "I do not like Elvis Presley because I want to win the Frank Sinatra album."

Hifax radio station CJCH blamed Presley's records as being a "bad influence." In Alabama, the official magazine of the North Alabama Citizens' Council asked rock 'n roll with its degradation, anti-segregation and communism.

June Scott, a Toronto Telegram religious columnist, was roused to address a possible teen-age audience thus: "I have met a lot of young people and older people too, who have learned the three Rs—Rock, Roll and Regret. Have you ever felt that way after a session of rock 'n roll? When you tried to get to sleep you couldn't because deep down in your heart you felt that the whole business of pleasure-seeking and self-indulgence was a mockery and a sham. . . . Sorry, dear reader, I can't promise you that there is any easy way out of this situation."

Currying Mrs. Scott's column as a counter-charm for sin, sensuality, knife, sculpture and communism I finally presented myself at Maple Leaf Gardens for the millennium rally.

There were twelve acts, twenty extra policemen on duty and 12,764 young people in attendance. They seemed to be a cross-section, everything from black leather windbreakers to Harris tweeds and from tight jeans to tulle frocks. Proceedings began at 8.30 and took two and a half hours with a truce at halftime to remove the wounded. The smattering of adults included a skinny grey mustached man sitting beside me with a young girl.

My notes on the first part of the show are confused. A succession of Negro quartets, quintets and solos replaced other Negro quartets, quintets and solos. The men wore jackets buttoned so low and so loosely that when they bent forward you could count the pleats at the top of their drape pants. They bent forward frequently. They also shuffled in lockstep or boxed the compass with their shoulders or rolled their knees as if they had ball bearings. Red Prysock and his Rock 'n Roll Orchestra provided the accompaniment. There were frequent screams—if a singer hiccuped or giggled or swooped, or paused deliberately. But my own feeling was that the audience was forcing it a bit, so far.

In the constant groundswell of noise I could distinguish nothing except a muffled thump-thump in 4-4 time, as if

someone in an upstairs apartment were playing a monstrous phonograph.

Just before intermission I recognized snatches of one number. Why Do Fools Fall in Love? It was sung by a quartet fronted by a slight grinning boy with a high idiot tenor. I noticed that the middle-aged man beside me was clapping in a restrained sort of way. He caught my eye and grinned sheepishly.

At intermission I struggled out to a guard, gave him my credentials and got him to conduct me backstage. There was no sign of Haley, the star of the show, but I finally panned down a dinky girl with a springy brick-red coiffure who introduced herself as Zola Taylor of the Platters. The Platters were featured in the Rock Around the Clock film and are responsible for a hit rock 'n roll record, The Magic Touch. I asked her for a definition of rock 'n roll. She said pertly: "Rock 'n roll is boogie with voices," and winked at a male Platter. Then she said: "Rock 'n roll is good dance music," and smiled vivaciously; then she tossed her head and said: "Rock 'n roll is good exercise for the children."

A big Louis Armstrong of a singer was already onstage when I got back to my seat. He sang the Armstrong too get bucket. The crowd had already picked up the beat with feet and hands. He sang longer than the earlier acts, and by the time he'd finished a whole row of youngsters in front of me had jerked around and were swaying heavily from side to side.

The air in the Gardens seemed to have warmed and thickened. There was a continuous roar from all over the hall, very like the blast from a furnace—sporadic bursts of screaming, the pounding of thousands of feet.

Two youths near the stage slid to their knees in the aisle and began devotions of some sort. Guards touched them on the arms and they returned quickly to their seats.

Five minutes later the Platters appeared and sang The Great Pretender. They were greeted by a crescendo of screams.

PETER WHALLEY'S Silly Saws

Can you guess the famous saying that is concealed in these saws? It's as familiar as "A rolling stone gathers no moss."

Check your answer below



THE END OF THE WORLD FOR NO MAN

One section started shouting, "Go. Go. Go. Go. Go." The whole hall took it up. It was like being in the dark throbbing hold of a lover.

Bill Haley and his Comets bounded on neat in pink drupe jackets and dark drupe pants. The "Go. Go. Go!" chant which had carried right through, was ruptured by frenzied shrieks which, in turn became a pile-driver cantata. When the Saints go Rockin' In, it was Haley's first number and the whole hall knew the words.

The skinny middle-aged man beside me had sweat on his forehead and was howling the words as Haley and his group played and sang.

Then I noticed a couple rocking and rolling in the middle aisle. Guards started toward them.

I was suddenly aware that everyone in the hall was watching. Haley chopped off Rock Around the Clock. He had played on y one chorus.

Now everyone was on his feet, up on the seats, in the aisles, nudging about. Haley played a chorus of See You Later, Alligator. There was no room to dance, so everyone stood around and chanted it. Then the Comets bowed, grinned, ducked, kissed their hands and bowed off.

The show was over.

With the house lights on the air seemed thinner and cooler. Backstage, Bill Haley had traded his pink jacket for a sober grey sack suit and proved to have a boyish, egg-shaped face, dark blond hair and an engaging air of practicality.

"I'm sitting on a powder keg"

Haley told me he was the one who'd invented rock 'n' roll. He'd done it on purpose, he said. After the postwar passing of the big-name bands the teen-agers had no music of their own to dance to. You can't dance to progressive jazz, so Haley took an informal poll of Pittsburgh high-school assemblies and found that teen-agers liked (1) hillbilly music, (2) hot licks, (3) Dixie and, (4) See—Dixie. Anything with a good noisy beat. When he put them all together they spelled R-O-C-K. He'd had number Haley performed in Rock Around the Clock.

I asked if Presley's recordings were true rock 'n' roll.

"Presley?" said Haley. "This is a hillbilly. He's not in the same field. But he's playing it with a beat. So it's being called rock 'n' roll."

I asked him about riots attributed to rock 'n' roll. "These kids aren't juvenile delinquents," Haley said. "This is the music they asked for and they love it no matter what you or I think of it. But I know I'm sitting on a powder keg. You're bound to when you play to this many people, no matter who they are."

I have a little trick," he added. "I can't see what's going on beyond the footlights, but I watch the cops. If I see them start moving I cut it off just like that." He snapped his fingers crisply.

Then he reflected. "Two years ago they were calling rock 'n' roll a flash-in-the-pan. So now it's a national menace."

Is rock 'n' roll a national menace?

I asked several psychiatrists, including Dr. Angus Hood, of the Toronto Mental Health Clinic, and Michael Humphrey, of the University of Toronto department of psychology. All of them said the music wouldn't disturb youngsters if the youngsters weren't already disturbed. Dr. Louis Gilbert, a psychiatrist on the staff of the New York Roosevelt Hospital, said "I don't think parents need be more alarmed about rock 'n' roll than they were about jazz and swing."

Gilbert's remark sent me to the history books. And there I found a chronicle of

recurrent musical crazes that might well discomfit the most fiery member of the Elvis Suppresley club. Here, for forgetful adults, is a partial list of early precedents for every facet of the rock 'n' roll phenomenon.

Public alarm: At the turn of the century the U.S. went mad for a dance called Salome. A dancer named Miss Deyo did a Salome in Pittsburgh and the WCTU passed a resolution calling on all its members to pray for her soul for a solid week. **Miccrohging vocals:** In 1891 a minstrel called Eddie Leonard had a style that

Variety calls "wah-wah singing." "One morn-orn-ing when-an the morn-orn-ing wah-wah break-ah-n-ing." His boss told him to cut it out because it "sounded foolish," but the audiences loved it.

Double talk: The year 1909 produced a musical exercise titled Whoop, Daddy, Goden Duoden Day.

Risque lyrics: In 1910 Chicago courts had to ban Her Name was Mary Wood But Mary Wouldn't, and a Sophie Tucker special known as Angle Worm Wiggle.


Suggestive gestures: The Shimmy, the Wobble, a craze in New York in 1918,

was so indecent that the Ponce Department threatened to revoke the license of any dance hall that permitted it.

Impossibility of definition: An expert witness in a music plagiarism court case (1916) was asked "What are blues?" "Blues are blues," he said. "That's what blues are. See?"

Which reminds me last week I ran into Elwood Glover, the disk jockey on the street. Just as he got past he called back with a plying grin "Say did you ever find out what rock 'n' roll was?"



Well no Mr. Glover not exactly. ★



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ANY TIME you want to relax, there's no place like a glass of Labatt's Crystal Lager Beer. But it's that, yet it refreshes you—with a crisp freshness right down to your toes. Then it encourages you to have back a feel that it is good. And now can you feel otherwise, with the clear, enjoyable flavor of Crystal on your tongue.



First Rothschild "house" was this Frankfurt shop



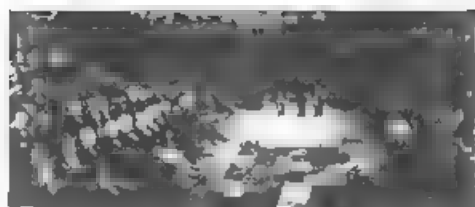
where his Meyer Amschel made loans and sold life insurance



His son Nathan founded the English house and set pattern for the bank business



His son James continued tradition of high income put up with low social class



He also brought the family into prominence when he entered the British House of Commons in 1838 under Disraeli



Today the House of Rothschild stands sedately in St. James's Place, in London, with coat of arms but no nameplate

They built Europe's railways and an African gem empire Now they rule forty million acres in Canada

The Rothschilds' fabulous stake in Canada

Continued from page 13

in most things by the Rothschilds, who are investors, not gamblers. They even had their engineers watch possible acts of God. The reports they received showed that a power plant at Grand Falls would be immune to earthquake damage because it would be re-bolted in the Canadian Shield. North America's most stable rock formation. Brinco physicists also studied the incidence of lightning, landslides and avalanches. None of these natural phenomena were found likely to defy the power of the Rothschilds.

Besides holding the huge Labrador and Newfoundland concessions, the Rothschilds have an equally significant, though quite separate, interest in the Rio Tinto Co., of London. This huge U.K. mining trust formed a partnership with Joseph Hirschhorn's gilded Canadian mining ventures to establish the Rio Tinto Mining Co. of Canada, a sixty-three-million-dollar group of uranium, gold, copper, silver, lead and zinc mines, with important properties in many Canadian mining districts.

The deal with Hirschhorn took four months of trans-Atlantic bargaining. At the four-hour signing-over ceremony in the sombre board room of the National Trust Company in Toronto, Hirschhorn signed his name twenty-five times and happily warbled: "This is the biggest deal in my life. What a break for Canada!"

The contract gave Hirschhorn, a florid promoter from Brooklyn, five million dollars cash and more than thirteen million dollars worth of securities. It also made him a partner in Rio Tinto, whose chairman was the late Earl of Bessborough, Canada's governor-general from 1931 to 1935, and whose shareholders are rumored to include Britain's royal family. Rio Tinto was formed by the Rothschilds and other financiers in 1873. Its assets of nearly two hundred million dollars include copper mines in Rhodesia, a large uranium producer in Australia and interests in the Rand gold fields of South Africa.

With customary British reserve Rio Tinto won't discuss its future plans in Canada, but the company has budgeted a million dollars a year for the next twenty-five years on Canadian mineral exploration. Its engineers are probing some of the properties transferred to Rio Tinto through the Hirschhorn deal. These include a group of 1,019 claims at Windy Point, on the northwest shore of Great Slave Lake, where traces of important lead and zinc showings similar to the huge Pine Point find on the lake's

south shore have been found; a suspected copper-gold-silver ore body ten miles northeast of Rouyn, Que., a copper prospect near Sioux Lookout in northwestern Ontario; the silver values found thirteen miles east of Hazelton, B.C.; a copper discovery in Gaspé's Holland Township; the five-hundred-million-ton Oceanic iron-ore body on the western side of Ungava Bay and a three-million-ton copper deposit at Warden Bay on the northwest side of Lac la Ronge, in northern Saskatchewan.

Through their separate holdings in Brinco and Rio Tinto, the Rothschilds now have a major interest in nearly forty million acres of Canada's most promising mining country. That's an area almost twice the size of Canada's total 1956 wheat acreage. But the family's influence on Canada is confined neither to the future nor to the exploitation of natural resources.

Canadians have since 1892 been buying casualty and fire insurance from the Rothschilds through the Toronto, Montreal and Vancouver branches of the Alliance Assurance Co. of London, a subsidiary of their English insurance operation. While not ranking among Canada's largest insurers, the company now covers risks in Canada worth more than five hundred and fifty million dollars.

Three years ago, with other European investors and some private Canadian capital, the Rothschilds established a Montreal investment company called United North Atlantic Securities Ltd., which has since funneled millions into a variety of Canadian enterprises. In Vancouver, United set up Consolidated Finance Company, a car-financing operation. At Edmonton the company built Premier Steel Mills—Alberta's first steel-rolling plant. In Hamilton it financed the new factory of Canadian Conveyors Ltd., which makes mechanical handling equipment. At Mattawa, Ont. and Scottdale, Que., the Rothschild-backed firm bought out Guelph Plywoods Ltd., a plywood processor and barrel-hoop manufacturer.

A United North Atlantic subsidiary is building a new town called Park Royal on nine hundred acres near Clarkson, Ont., on the Queen Elizabeth Highway. Twenty miles from Toronto, construction of the three thousand homes, churches, schools, a park and community and shopping centres will be completed by 1966. Last April the Rothschilds incorporated another Canadian investment company called Five Arrows Securities Ltd. after the design on the family's coat-of-arms. This coat-of-arms is a

reminder that there were originally five Rothschild banks—in Frankfurt, Vienna and Naples, as well as the still functioning London and Paris houses. The new firm has an initial capital of eight million dollars, comprising investment by Dutch and French financiers, including Baron Guy de Rothschild, of Paris. There is speculation that this company will provide some of the funds for the further development of the power and mineral resources held by Brinco in Labrador.

There is speculation also that the Rothschilds may help develop a gold market in Canada. Long-standing restrictions on private gold trading were scrapped in Finance Minister Harris' last budget and anyone can now buy, keep and sell gold. As gold-sales agents of the Bank of England (the exclusive clearing house for the South African gold output) the Rothschilds are the world's most influential private gold dealers. They employ two hundred in their own mint in London, which can refine a million pounds' worth of the precious metal a day.

Horse-race results too

But gold traffic is only a subsidiary passion with N. M. Rothschild & Sons. Besides being investment counselors to wealthy Englishmen and bankers for such world-wide organizations as the Bowater newspaper trust, the Rothschilds specialize in "financing foreign commerce"—a vague term that covers their Canadian activities. The bank operates as a closed partnership, all its shares held by the Rothschild family. Only the clients it chooses to accept are allowed to open accounts. The bank has never published a balance sheet, but London financial papers set its current reserves at around thirty million pounds, though it controls assets of perhaps ten times that amount.

The bank sits unobtrusively at the end of a small, cobble courtyard in down-town London, yet secluded from the city's turmoil. It is built of inconspicuous grey white stones, its calm Georgian arch texture unmarred by identifying signs, except an oval shingle with five facing golden arrows. The hush in the portraiture-filled lobby is broken only by two tickers—one for stock-market quotations, the other for horse-race results, which now ticks only for tradition. Anthony de Rothschild, the bank's sixty-nine-year-old partner, sold his first string of ten brood mares for forty thousand pounds in 1940.

Anthony and his thirty-nine-year-old nephew Edmund, the bank's junior partner, conduct all their business from "The Room," an imposing office dominated by a large marble fireplace (its paneled walls checkered with ancestral portraits). Twenty-nine-year-old Leopold, an-

other nephew, is the only other Rothschild currently with the firm. The bank's basement is packed with historic archives and at least one stack of evidence that the Rothschilds have been studying Canada for a long time: copies of The Financial Post dating back to 1910.

The firm's one hundred and fifty employees are served free lunch, coffee and cakes at eleven, tea and fruit at four. But no one can go out to eat without the office manager's permission. It is seldom requested and seldom granted. The staff gets no overtime pay, but every one receives a turkey for Christmas and the privilege of buying wine bottled by Baron Philippe de Rothschild near Bordeaux, France, at cost. Employees are seldom dismissed. If one leaves, the shock spreads to the partners.

A1 important visitors are screened by Edmund de Rothschild, a quick-witted, friendly financial wizard who is tremendously interested in Canada and eagerly questions businessmen from this side of the Atlantic about his country's prospects. He visited Newfoundland in 1942 and Montreal in 1953, and has since made semi-annual inspection tours of the bank's Canadian properties.

Few proceed past "Mr. Eddy" to the marble desk of Anthony Gustave de Rothschild, a frail-looking, white-haired, introvert who rules the bank with diplomatic finality. "He has a personality on rubber soles," says a friend. "He speaks rarely but tell him something once and you never have to repeat it." He was educated at Harrow and Cambridge and his initial ambition was to become a Cambridge history don. His only hobby is art. At his country home in Buckinghamshire he has one of the world's most valuable collections of Oriental pottery, a pair of tripod Chippendale tables and paintings by Hogarth, Rubens and Holbein. When Princess Elizabeth married, he gave her a forty-four-piece Sevres tea service.

As senior partner of N. M. Rothschild & Sons, Anthony has maintained the firm's financial eminence. But the bank's current influence on world affairs is only a dim reflection of the power it held during the nineteenth century under the rule of Nathan, Anthony's great-grandfather, who operated a private Marshall Plan with a twist. He floated loans to needy nations aggregating billions of dollars, but charged "attractive" interest rates.

The Rothschilds' dealings formed the basis of many well-known facts and legends about this fabulous business dynasty. Rothschild money built most of western Europe's railroads, their banks controlled a petroleum, diamond, mercury and copper empire of incredible proportions. They backed Cecil Rhodes when his De Beers Mines acquired most of the fabulous Kimberley diamond field. Roths-

child banks were the exclusive financial agents for the Russian Empire, the Vatican, Brazil, Chile and half a dozen other countries.

Many modern financiers have tried to reconstruct the forces that inspired the unmatched money-making instinct of the Rothschilds. Part of their success was based on the progressive methods they introduced to the primitive banking system of their day. They were the first to use widely the now-taken-for-granted procedure of remitting funds from one country to another through letters of credit without the physical transfer of coinage. In all their dealings the Rothschilds followed the same principle: they imposed a strict limit on the profits from a transaction and did not strain for uncertain extra gains.

The typical reaction of a Rothschild receiving private news likely to raise the price of a stock was to rush into the exchange and sell all his holdings. As the news spread that Rothschild was selling, brokers quickly followed his example, sinking the issue's price. Meanwhile agents secretly employed by Rothschild bought up the shares at their ebb quotations, to resell them when the market reacted to the favorable news Rothschild knew was on the way.

Could Napoleon lose?

The success of such manoeuvres depended on being the first to receive important business information. Because mail moves at the same speed for everyone, the Rothschilds set up their own carrier-pigeon network and operated speedy trans-Channel packets, whose captains had strict orders to convey important messages regardless of weather.

Much of the Rothschild fortune was a by-product of this news service. A private agent waiting at Ostend, Belgium, for the outcome of the battle at Waterloo rushed across the Channel in one of the bank's boats with news of Napoleon's defeat. The British government had been previously informed that the French were winning. Word had leaked to the London Stock Exchange, brokers stampeded to sell. Nathan Rothschild reported his news to the Foreign Office, but wasn't believed. Meanwhile his brokers had bought up the securities panicked investors were throwing into the market. When news of victory was confirmed, quotations sky-rocketed.

The Rothschilds still rely on private agents they appoint in every country. Their chief Canadian agent is Ronald D. Smith, an intellectual war-resistance-minded Englishman who runs a small Toronto brokerage house. He trades stock for the Rothschilds and their customers and reports on Canadian business trends. "The Rothschilds have been more prominent in realizing the investment potentialities of Canada than any other firm in London," says Smith. "I know of no other country where they have such a large new interest."

Another ingredient of Rothschild success has been the family's policy of intermarriage. This, according to the Rothschild creed, is good economics. You don't have to share secrets that way, and dowries and bequests stay in the family. Besides, only a Rothschild, they claim, is really fit to bear a Rothschild. Of the fifty-eight marriages contracted during their first century of prominence, exactly half were between first cousins. When the daughter of Wilhelm de Rothschild, son of the Italian Jew's founder, married her cousin Edmund, genealogical experts confirmed that on her father's side she belonged to the fourth generation on her mother's to the fifth, while

she was marrying into the third. It's not that we're clannish," Victor the present Lord Rothschild once explained. "It's just that Rothschild men find Rothschild women irresistible."

Besides choosing brides from their own clan, the Rothschilds seem to prefer their ancestors' names. Seven English Rothschilds have been called Nathan after the first of their line. Their surname comes from the German *Roth* (red), describing the red shield that hung over the entrance of the ghetto house in Frankfurt, Germany, where a Nathan was born in 1777. His father, Meyer Ansheel Rothschild, was a junk dealer with a part-time money-lending and rare coins business. The family's annual earnings rarely exceeded two thousand dollars, but profits increased as old Rothschild built up his lending business. He eventually became financial agent or a local prince who helped spread his influence.

The family separated in 1798. While Ansheel Meyer's eldest son stayed to look after affairs at home, Nathan went to England, Carl to Italy, James to Paris, and Solomon to Vienna. Each established a bank to co-operate with its brother organizations in building up the most powerful private banking complex in financial history. Carl became financial adviser to the Pope, but closed his branch in 1861. The charter house at Frankfurt was closed in 1901. The Viennese Rothschilds became influential but Hitler's 1938 annexation of Austria permanently closed the business. Baron Louis, great grandson of the Austrian dynasty's founder, was jailed by the Nazis for fourteen months until his British and French relatives ransomed him—for twenty-one million dollars.

Among the Paris family's many achievements were construction of many French and Belgian railroads and the historic guarantee of the five-billion-franc debt to Germany after the war of 1870. After the fall of France in 1940, Baron Edouard de Rothschild, head of the French bank, arrived in New York carrying a satchel containing a million dollars' worth of diamonds which he described as a mere bagatelle.

If their operations had been confined to Paris, Vienna, Naples and Frankfurt, however, the Rothschilds would have quickly been forgotten. But in 1804 Nathan Meyer, the third son and genius of the family, established N. M. Rothschild & Sons in London. This bank's transactions (which now also include the huge Canadian investment) first pushed the family into the highest league of international banking, and have kept up its leadership through four generations.

Nathan's vital capital consisted largely of the six hundred thousand pounds sent to England for investment by Wilhelm, the Elector of Hesse-Cassel, at the advice of his financial counselor—Nathan's father. His first major deal was the smuggling of a million pounds' worth of gold into Spain past Napoleon's continental blockade to provide (at a handsome commission) the Duke of Wellington with funds to provision his troops. The House of Rothschild matched quickly, specializing in foreign loans, a then unexploited risky but profitable business. Nathan eventually became England's richest citizen. He hired Mendelssohn to teach his daughter music and bought her a hoard of pure gold.

Nathan's son, Lionel, famed the bank's fortunes, but demonstrated typical Rothschildian boldness in 1875 when Prime Minister Disraeli had found out that Khedive Ismail Pasha, the debt-ridden ruler of Egypt, was trying to sell his 177,602 shares in the Suez Canal

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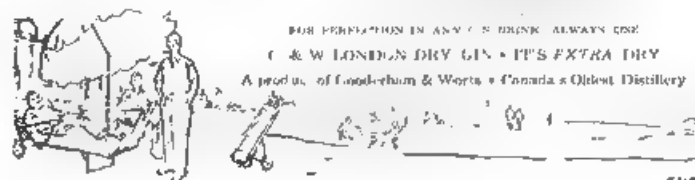


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THE WORLD OVER



Company French financiers also wanted to buy the stock. Disraeli had no time to call parliament to sanction expenditure of the necessary four million pounds. Rothschild was eating grapes in his office when Morley (Disraeli's secretary) burst in to ask for the loan. "I am one of the grapes," said the man, and said, "You shall have it."

Howe's son Alfred, uncle of the present partner, traveled to his holiday estate in a private train and stored his tea with solid gold spoons. He amused his guests by conducting his private orchestra and performing in the ring with his own animal circus, dressed in a blue frock and lavender kid gloves. His estate at Harar was so big that when he found it was to be the government in World War I its animals were used to house and train twenty thousand men.

I accept for their charity projects, the Rothschilds did little to gain popularity. One of the Austrian Rothschilds scandalized the courts of Europe by shaking his sock on the floor of palace ballrooms just to see the ladies of the court diving after the pearls and diamonds he fell from it. Their riches did little to ease the Rothschilds' entry into aristocratic society, which could not forgive their phony origin. The Austrian government, frankly trying to retain its precarious sovereignty, saw the opportunity of genuine loyalty of the rich bankers. On September 29, 1822, Emperor Francis II called Solomon Rothschild to his palace at Schonbrunn and broke his country's tradition of not conferring titles on Jews by raising the whole Rothschild tribe to a perpetual bourgeoisie. The Rothschilds changed the German "von" to the smoother-sounding French "de."

His hobby was actresses

Only Nathan, first of the English Rothschilds, scorned the title. He considered the family name superior to other distinctions. His grandson, Nathaniel, however, was elevated to Britain's peerage in 1885 as the first Lord Rothschild in recognition of his banks and its empire affairs.

Colonel Walter, the second Lord Rothschild, was the first Rothschild to rebel against banking. He disgusted his father by driving around London in a car piloted by four zebras. Baron Henri, one of the French Rothschilds, became famous with his books on infant diseases. Abyssinia was explored by one Rothschild, whose expedition, ways of the day charmed, was financed by his parents to lure him away from his other hobby, Parisian actresses.

The third and current Lord Rothschild lasted exactly one week at the London bank. He now lives near Cambridge conducting experiments which he describes as dealing with "the love life of the frog." He is a doctor of biology and won three medals for his work in World War II with military intelligence. In 1946 he shattered family tradition by joining the British Labor Party. His hobby is as recreation as his politics. He plays a hot piano and is a friend of jazz pianist Louis Armstrong.

Anthony, the present bank king power of the Rothschilds, alone knows exactly how many of the family's millions will eventually be committed to Canada. He is an unemotional, ultraconservative banker who seldom makes predictions. But referring to his Canadian investment through the British Newfound and Corporation he has said: "There was the De Beers diamond mine, then the loan that helped Disraeli buy the Suez Canal. Now this. This could be the biggest project of them all." ★

Backstage at Ottawa continued from page 8

"The Liberals lost sight of the line dividing what a government can do from what it cannot"

the government's own pipeline company would do the leading. From the hundred and thirty millions it was going to build the "bridge" in northwestern Ontario it would take eighty millions for a short term loan to start construction on the western leg. Somewhat dubiously Trans-Canada agreed.

But by this time it was May. Trans-Canada couldn't under take to build as far as Winnipeg, this year unless it began not later than July 1. Three weeks would be required to move the pipeline where it was being rolled in the United States to the Canadian prairie. This meant that Trans-Canada had to have the eighty million dollars by June 7 and so its agreement stipulated.

To have a bill pass three readings in the Senate and receive royal assent by June 7 the House of Commons had to pass it by June 1. Thus when the Rt. Hon. C. D. Howe rose on May 14 to open debate on the resolution stage of the pipeline bill he could allow a Commons debate of only three weeks less one day.

It was this time squeeze, not the pipeline bill itself that made the government's position untenable.

The bill was hardly sensational. Its eighty-million-dollar loan carried a built-in non cash cost only, either Trans-Canada would repay the money by next April with interest at five percent, or the government would take over all its assets for ten percent less than their cost. It was about as safe a deal as the taxpayer could hope to get. He was to be involved at all.

Much of the outcry against it was hysteria. It's preposterous, for example, to suggest that Canadian sovereignty was in danger because Trans-Canada Pipe Lines is mostly American-owned. There may be cause for real worry in that practically all the gas Trans-Canada will carry from Alberta and most of the eastern deliveries it will serve are owned by American companies. But the pipeline itself will be under strict control of two Canadian authorities—the Alberta conservation board and the federal Board of Transport Commissioners—so the nationality of its ownership makes less difference than in almost any other enterprise.

Perhaps because the real issues were thus obscured in a fog of twaddle the Liberals lost sight of the line, one that divides the things a government can do from the things it can't do.

A government can prevent a minority from frustrating the majority's will by unblockable interminable obstruction. A government can't prevent Her Majesty's Loyal Opposition from holding up legislation long enough to make sure that the people understand what it's about, or at least have a fair chance of doing so. There merely to put the case against it is not enough. All the points for and against most measures can be stated in an hour or two. Time must also be allowed for reiteration, time for letting the people know that a major battle is afoot.

A government cannot prevent this. The Liberals know because they tried.

They went beyond all precedent at the very outset, by serving notice to cut off debate before the debate had even start-

ed. This alone they might have got away with, had they done no more. But when the bill got to the committee stage for clause-by-clause study the Liberals produced a new device, "closure with a closure." The Opposition called it. As each clause was called, the Rt. Hon. C. D. Howe described it in a few brief sentences, and then moved that "further debate" on the clause be postponed.

It was then that the Liberals learned how much a government relies under the parliamentary system, on the tacit support of the Opposition. The Opposition can't block indefinitely any single measure on which a government and its majority are determined. But when the Opposition believes that parliament itself is being flouted, the Opposition can bring the whole machinery of parliament to a dead stop.

It was no accident and no fit of temper that led Donald Fleming, the Conservative MP from Toronto-Eglinton, to defy Chairman W. A. Robinson on that fateful afternoon in May. Fleming was "named" and sentenced to be obviously intended to be, but it took the House an hour and a half to put him out eight minutes longer than the time for which he was actually suspended. From that moment it was obvious that something would have to give.

A deadlock of this kind could have been broken in any one of several ways, none of them attractive to the government.

For one, the Opposition may have given of its own accord. When it does so it's persuaded that the lie has been adequately carried to the people, and that further obstruction might swing public sympathy back to the government.

For another, the government may back down and withdraw or amend the legislation. This is what it did last year with the Defense Production Act, two such abdications, two years running, make a poor prelude to an election campaign.

But an election campaign is, of course, a third way out and the most obvious of all. Normally it's the threat of an election which the government can call at any time, that keeps both sides of parliament in line. MPs don't lightly risk the effort and expense of a campaign, not to mention the danger to each man that he may lose his own seat.

This time though from the very start the Opposition parties have clamored for an election that the government didn't wish to call.

On paper the Liberals had no reason to fear an election. The Gallup Poll still credited them with the support of about half the electorate. The Conservatives with only about a third. But they know better than anyone how fast these proportions could change.

They must know too, that not since the conversion crisis of 1944 has been so likely to change public opinion as the government's tactics in the pipeline debate. Normally in this civil service town, the government tends to have more friends than enemies, most people probably far more than in other parts of Canada, agree with its policies most of the time. But if the Liberals have a single defender on this issue, I haven't happened to meet him. ★

Continued from page 23

erying out loud! That kid is beginning to look like Bozo Snyder. He gave instructions that his son was to polish the car, cut the grass, hoe the garden, and clean up the garage, and left his wife to figure out how to get him to do it.

There's no point in this kind of sudden decision. To suddenly tell a boy who thinks he's on a permanent retirement plan to go polish a car isn't discipline; it's a nasty surprise that can not only demoralize the boy but can end up with the whole family being demoralized.

Children feel that to be suddenly ordered to do something is a gross imposition, which they resist with all the intensity of those who feel that they are fighting on the side of justice, decency and self-respect, but they will do the same work without serious protest if it is presented to them as a planned schedule. It isn't the work they mind, it's the sudden imposition.

Besides having work to do around the house, children should have some planned activity away from home. Last summer mothers in one Toronto district went in shifts, taking groups of four or five children away for the day on trips to such places as the observatory tower, a downtown building, the zoo, the museum, and the site of a new excavation. Everybody enjoyed it, including the guide for the day, and each of the mothers left at home had three days' perfect bliss before her turn came up.

Some parents have slight guilt feelings about wanting to get rid of their children. They reason something like, "It's normal for a mother to have her children around. I can't stand having them around, so I'm not normal." This is as logical as standing on a cliff saying, "I'm smarter than a bird; birds can fly; so can I," and often ends up about the same way. Long summer holidays were devised so that children could pick berries, help with the harvest, drive the team and do chores. But times have changed, and to turn the kids loose in today's high-strung civilization of TV, six-lane traffic, power mowers, nerve pills, and rapidly changing neighborhoods is like turning them loose during a brain operation and nobody needs feel guilty about wishing they'd go away.

The congestion of today's ways of life alone is enough to make children's summer holidays a vital sociological problem. The last place I lived was in a picturesque community built on a hill. The houses fought for space, sunlight and top position with sun decks, raised patios and terraces. My neighbor and I managed to create an illusion of privacy with vines and high hedges, but everything everybody said was completely audible in both houses. On Saturday morning we knew when each other's kids got their allowance, how much, and when our wives didn't.

Our kids could get along this way, much much by walking a tightrope of tact and understanding, but my neighbor had a plump little girl with bangs who was a good friend of my youngest daughter. During July and August the two of them would appear at different levels each morning, scrubbed, braided, full of orange juice, whole wheat, germs, and technological knowledge that would have made their great-grandfathers think they were little people from Mars. Right off they'd start short-circuiting the whole

A Tribute

to some good friends of yours

It's the life underwriter's job to make your dreams become realities—but folks don't always make it easy for him to do this job for them. Indeed, it must often seem pretty discouraging to him—this job of protecting dreams. At times, he's sure he's the last person in the world you want to see (and he's sometimes right!). What keeps him going?

He knows these things.

Well, he knows he is the first person your widow will want to see, and that the life insurance provisions he helped you make for her will be a solid, lasting comfort. He knows, too, there will be times you will want to see him

when you're sick and not sure you'll get well. Or when you're laid up in the hospital and want his comforting assurance that your bills will be paid and you'll have a disability income until you've recovered.

Or when you've at last matured that endowment policy at age 65—you welcome him with open arms as he delivers the check. He doesn't even mind when you tell him, as you often do, "Why didn't you make me buy a bigger policy? I could have paid for it!"

No "For Sale" signs here.

He knows a family in your neighborhood whose home doesn't have a "For Sale" sign on it because life insurance money paid off the mortgage when the breadwinner suddenly died. He can tell you of the young college senior who graduated this June because his Dad cared—through life insurance. He knows all the homes where the mailman delivers a life insurance income check every month that keeps the wolf away from the door every day.

He sees his handiwork in other places, too. That house next door or across the street was financed with a life insurance company mortgage. So were thousands of others in Canada. A life insurance company may own the building where you work, and lease it back to your firm. Every time the life underwriter hears a train rumble by, or a factory whistle toot, or construction tools clatter, he knows their oper-

ation was probably made possible by life insurance money—your money, held in trust and carefully invested to earn you interest until the time your policy calls for it to be paid out to you or your family.

Through the Life Underwriters Association of Canada whose golden anniversary we salute, your life insurance man sets and observes some high business ideals. Thus banded together with his fellows, he's an alert, vigorous guardian against forces that would weaken or endanger the ideas and ideals of the life insurance that protects you. He encourages other able men into the business while he discourages the ill-qualified. His Association fosters a strong professional educational program, the Life Underwriters Association Training Council, which is one of the few examples, if not the only one, of competitors sharing their most useful ideas for the benefit of their clients.

He works for your community, too.

Meanwhile, this life underwriter somehow finds means to devote many days of his working time each year to the important activities in his community—Red Cross, Community Chest, schools, charities and all the other worthwhile things that must be carried on by volunteer workers.

All in all, he's a pretty good citizen, this life underwriter, and a mighty fine man to have in your corner. You need him just as you need a good doctor, and lawyer, and minister or priest. If you don't have a good life underwriter working for you, get one—today! You owe it to yourself.

H. W. BROWER
President



Accidental
Life

CANADIAN HEAD OFFICE: LONDON, ONTARIO

June marked the 50th anniversary of the Life Underwriters Association of Canada. It's a good opportunity to point out these facts about this organization and about the 7,800 men and women—your life insurance agents—who are its members.

district. Neither family could ignore what the kids were saying, because we both knew that the other had heard it. "Our TV is broken," one would call. "We keep getting You Were There on the Pabst Blue Ribbon fights. It's the picture tube or the signal is getting bounced off a jet or my father broke something. He says he fell down on the payments."

"Why don't you all come over and look at ours tonight?" the other would call.

The mother of the one doing the inviting would let out a cry from inside the house. "Come inside a minute, dear."

The kid would go in, come out, and close his eyes and believe the wrong message. "My mother says she'd be glad to have you, but we're moving today."

"That is not what I said!" her mother would yell from inside. "I said we had to move the television. We're getting jammed by Mr. Carson's power tools."

During a lot of these exchanges my neighbor was punning other people's TV with a power mower that was either making a noise like a DC-7 or suddenly starting. The boys have used the grass when we all found in on a late afternoon we sat in on a "sex" show. I used to talk to one another in a la dolce. One day we had kids were shouting wrong messages and their mothers were trying to get them to show themselves. The mower started, my Mary screamed to her mother in the distance: "I'M GLAD YOU DON'T LIKE KATHIE'S MOTHER AND FATHER. I DON'T LIKE KATHIE EITHER."

Getting children away from home seems about the only way to solve some of these situations. But getting them away takes planning, because it's getting more and more difficult for the kids to get away themselves. Oddly, in these days of rapid transportation kids have less chance of getting anywhere than they did when everybody rode bicycles. Fifty years ago, when a kid wanted to be alone, he just wandered down to the creek. Twenty-five years ago, even a boy in a big city could be in the country on foot in half an hour at the most. Today he'd be lucky if he reached the first new manufacturing district in an hour and a half and if he tried crossing some of the speedways that cut him off from the old creek, he'd be smeared from Happy Heights to Paradise Acres.

In short, treating children on holidays with the unconscious attitude "Let the little rascals go down to the creek with a big gun and some worms" can in this rapidly changing world cause a lot of trouble. Today we're giving children's schooling more and more scientific attention. We're concerned about teaching them adjustment, group cooperation and responsibility, the duties of a citizen. Yet for two months of the year we just turn them loose with the vague conviction that to make them completely happy it's just necessary to let them out of school. We still tend to think of them sitting around in the summer making easy chairs, instead of sitting around singing commercials for Cad Pops. We overlook the fact that they get bored and that completely carefree childhood exists only in the minds of adults with short memories.

In fact, in a recently published encyclopedia of child care over a thousand pages long and requiring a table of contents of eleven pages, boredom isn't listed, implying that it's something as remote from childhood as second mortgages. Actually it's not nearly as remote from childhood as some of our ideas about children's summer holidays. ★

For the sake of argument continued from page 4

Have North Americans set their ideals too high?

male, the female drunk is only hilarious if it is well established that she has become intoxicated as a result of her first encounter with liquor.

Women traveling alone cannot enter a good restaurant without planning the heat-water about their intentions, a man alone is a matter of indifference. The rules of modesty are different: women cannot address before other women what is a sense of acute discomfort, the male lack of concern over nudity is reflected in the cubicle-less design of locker rooms and the absence of bathing suits in YMCA and YWHA pools.

Men and women use their intelligence differently. In keeping with male aggressiveness, a man's intelligence adapts to accomplishments of a tangible variety. It consists of planning and coherence. Women trained to be followers have no powers of visualization and serenity. Women therefore are better factory inspectors than men, with a better eye for detail. They are also more easily satisfied if a man, they hear intones of disapproval that apparently are pitched too high for the male ear. This facility since it involves a weighing of facts and figures is also known as a distinction.

Men must be tall, forceful

Another difference in the behavior of the two sexes is reflected in the fact that it is necessary for a woman to have any desire in order to engage in sexual intercourse, but it is a requisite for a man. For this reason sex criminals are almost invariably men and prostitutes are almost invariably women. For every woman in penitentiaries there are forty men. For every woman inebriated there are six men alcoholics.

It seems possible that the uneven behavior of men and women may not be caused entirely by some innate difference beyond the physical ones. Many people suspect that the difficulties are rooted in North American culture, which compels all men to be tall, strong, forceful, immune to pain and fatigue and therefore willing to work beyond their capacities, and which compels all women to be small, weak, passive, indecisive and therefore willing to work below their capacities.

From the time of both North American men and women are cast in these molds: blue for boys and pink for girls. The molds can only fit by warping the human inside of it. Few men are capable of a life of heroic achievement. Few women are content with a life of supine indolence. Nevertheless, to these maxims ends the twigs are bent.

For example, a little boy of five can throw a ball farther and with more grace of movement than a little girl of five. Because of this, many people casually accept that girls inherently have little aptitude for sports. This fails to take into account five years of conditioning when fathers play more roughly with their sons than with their daughters and concern are on such forms of play as rolling a ball toward the boy before he is even able to walk.

Similarly, society has devoted to its own satisfaction that women are poor engineers. There is twenty-five women engineers in Canada and more than three thousand men engineers. Is this because women intrinsically cannot

comprehend the science of engineering? Or is it because little boys are given building sets at Christmas and little girls are given dolls?

Women's inner vision of themselves through their girlhood is that they will spend their adult lives adored by their husbands, enriched by children whose noses never run and wheeled in sunshine as they move about their cottage homes. Men see themselves as buarks, with muscles like cables, moving mountains and swaying mobs with eloquence. Neither dream is realistic enough to come true except in momentary fragments. The reality is that the dreams basically are incompatible with co-existence unless a man and woman recognize one another's inner need and bolster it with sincere-sounding flattery. Mental and physical breakdowns occur when women find themselves discontented with motherhood and men find they cannot move mountains. Both must find substitutes or be destroyed.

The modern preoccupation with images of the ideal man, virile, lusty and sweating and the ideal woman, sweet-faced and ringed with children, allows no tolerance for the man who is gentle and the woman who is zealous. The ten-year-old girl who climbs trees and the ten-year-old boy who spends his time day-dreaming are already on their way to being outcasts, by the time they mature a woman foreman, a denier and a man content to pitter at no particular occupation they are scarcely acceptable.

The tragedy of the east-iron images is that they fail to take into account that every man contains some so-called female characteristics and every woman is partly what is known as masculine. The Taoist symbol for male and female is a circle, half black and half

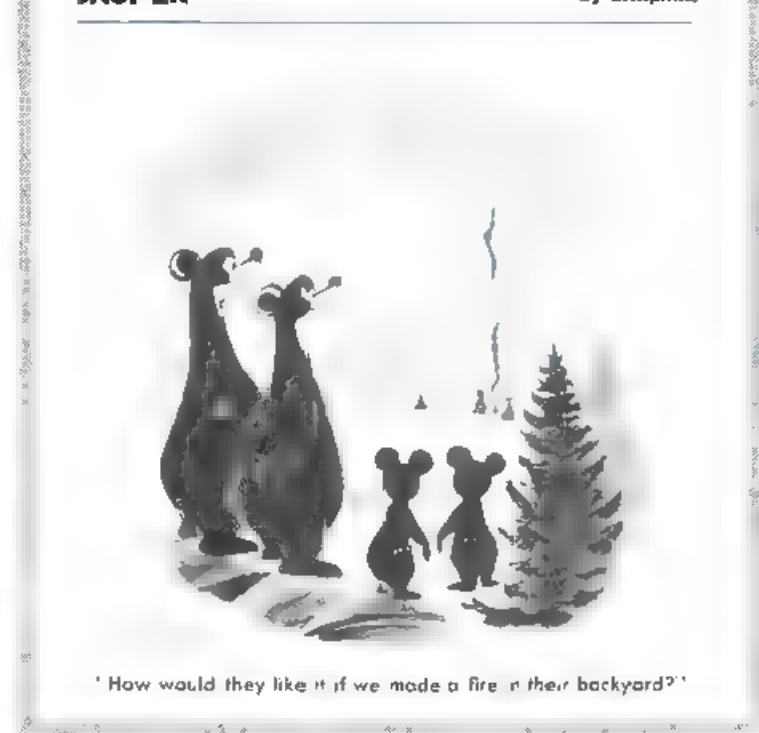
white; in the middle of the black half is a white dot and in the middle of the white half is a black dot. Every doctor knows that in the first three months of life all human beings have organs of both sexes equally developed. After the third month, one set of sex organs begins to wither and the other continues to flourish. Since every human being is composed of infinite variations of male and female qualities, it is not surprising that women find it so impossible to live up to the feminine ideal and men are unable to fulfil the male ideal.

Women are taught in their childhood that a sense of glorious achievement will accompany marriage and motherhood. For this reason the unmarried woman is marked as an unsuccessful person. She may perform brilliant surgery, discover a new galaxy or fly through the sound barrier, but she is dismissed in her own and society's estimation if she isn't married. Unless she is extraordinarily brilliant, her advancement in her job is almost certain to be blocked by a man. A woman may be a nurse, but she is discouraged by quotas in medical schools if she wants to be a doctor. She may be a teacher (women teachers outnumber men 77,493 to 27,795 in Canada) but she is rarely a college principal or professor (men outnumber women 4,610 to 812 in these occupations). She may be an outstanding secretary understanding the workings of the office better than her boss, but when he leaves she will get a new boss—another man. She therefore suffers from two frustrations: the lack of opportunity for promotion and the lack of a husband. The latter is by far the greater, since she is imbued with the conviction that the unshared home, her hand and babies would solve most of her emotional problems.

The married woman who has accomplished what is held to be woman's finest goal—intense motherhood—is even more shattered to discover that this is insufficient for her own pride in herself. On one hand society insists that women be feminine and look forward eagerly to

JASPER

by Simpkins



homemaking and babies; on the other hand, society has depreciated housewives, placing them in the same category as those citizens who have no occupations, using the word housewife as a synonym for low intellect, glibility and poor taste. Newspaper accounts of women who write books, design bathing suits or shoot golf in the high severities invariably express astonishment if the feat has been accomplished by "an ordinary housewife."

In a desperate search for some status, many ordinary housewives today are leaving their homes. This horrifies the same group of people who believe that housewives are some subnormal form of life. Finding a job actually is a positive and healthy form of the search for status, and so is useful club membership, handicraft, fine cooking or other such substitutes as may be accessible. The negative search for status is sometimes expressed in the cannibalistic destruction of a husband. The wife convinces herself that her own importance will increase in direct proportion to her husband's advancement. She nags and complains, finds fault and whines when he fails and in time succeeds in breaking his confidence in himself.

A man's disappointment when he arrives at the promised land of maturity is even more devastating. The attributes of courage, ugliness and vigor on which such a premium was placed in his youth seem designed for another existence. He has been conditioned to hunt tigers but he finds himself instead locked in a traffic jam. He is part of a savagely competitive free-enterprise system whose ideal is not sportsmanship at all but money.

His income will determine his general appearance, his wife's rank with her girlfriends, the size of his family, his address, his recreations, his kind of transportation and his friends. He works frantically hard to improve his income, suffering ravaging humiliations rather than risk losing his job, worrying about promising juniors, hating himself for flattering his boss, being ruthless when the occasion demands it and pressing his talents to their screaming point in order to succeed. Often he works at a job he loathes, a job that is monotonous or degrading because it has the advantage of regular pay.

Lists of the causes of death, by sex, show clearly that men are wearing out faster than women almost certainly because they bear the crushing weight of economic responsibility. A contributing factor may be that women are preserved by their early indoctrination. Little girls are more regularly than little boys, are admonished to be cautious, to keep immaculate, to be fussy about their health. Boys are expected to be reckless, more roughly groomed and tolerant of aches and pains. A Canadian Sickness Survey conducted five years ago revealed that although men more often are ill unto death they admit it less often. Sixty percent of the women queried reported they had been ill during the year and only fifty-six percent of the men; fifty-two percent of the women went to bed to recover but only forty-four percent of the men stayed in bed even one day. This same quality is demonstrated in women drivers, who informate men with their caution.

The irony of the lack of balance between men and women is that there is considerable evidence to prove that so-called male and female characteristics are whole pieces of fiction, self-perpetuating myths. The distinguished anthropologist Dr. Margaret Mead studied three tribes in New Guinea and reported on their three cultures. The first culture had men and women sharing the

tasks of cooking and caring for the children, both sexes gentle and loving. A forceful dominant personality was out of place and suffered acutely from maladjustment. Another tribe this one cannibals and head-hunters, also had men and women with identical personalities. Both sexes were treacherous, vicious and cruel to their children. The women showed no instinct to love their babies and the discovery of pregnancy enraged both parents equally. A third culture studied was dominated by women who did the fishing and farming. The male

role, in this tribe, was an artistic one. While the women worked, the men occupied themselves with painting masks, presenting theatrical dances and regarding one another with jealous suspicion.

Dr. Mead's research illustrates that all men, purely because of maleness, are not necessarily brave leaders and that all women, purely because of femaleness, are not naturally maternal keepers of the hearth. A culture might just as reasonably decide comments Dr. Mead, that all blue-eyed people are passive and all brown-eyed people are purposive. It

appears that definitions of male and female need to be overhauled in order to save the lives of men working beyond their strength and enrich the existences of women working beneath theirs. As a start, we might do away with those pink and blue booties. In the end, through the use of tolerance, a control of bias and a fair distribution of responsibility, men and women might learn to live together without suspicion and misunderstanding. I personally believe it is possible. After all, some of my best friends are men. ★

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Do the Catholics really want to reunite Germany?

So far as policy is concerned there is no insuperable obstacle to a Christian Democratic coalition with either wing of its present opposition just as the Liberals in Canada could, if necessary, coalesce with either the C.F.I.—the Conservatives. But the other German political parties sadly differed about many things, and in fact on one.

We cannot and will not work with Konrad Adenauer.

One member of the Free Democratic Party, a conservative ~~group~~ that until a few months ago was part of the Adenauer coalition, told me privately, "If Adenauer doesn't get a majority he's out and he won't get a majority."

Thomas Dehler, the Democrat leader and longtime member of the Adenauer cabinet, said, "We've lost faith in Adenauer personally. Our differences with the Christian Democrats are not merely policy differences, the things we want are mainly what they say they want too. But we think Adenauer is not doing enough to achieve these ends."

Dehler admitted that an even stronger objection to Adenauer is the old, hardy, disloyal temperament. German parties are supposed to have being ordered about, and maybe the ordinary citizen does (though I doubt it). But there's no question that party leaders and cabinet colleagues don't like it a bit.

"He won't even inform coalition partners of what he intends to do," Dehler complained, "let alone consult them. He does whatever he likes and then tells us about it afterwards."

This resentment of Adenauer's autocratic ways is not confined to opposition or coalition parties. It exists among Christian Democrats too. At the annual meeting of the party in Stuttgart in late April a Christian Democrat delegate told a friend of mine, "We have this much in common with the Communists: we too have the problem of getting rid of a Cult of Personality."

The Stuttgart meeting brought to Adenauer the only public snub he has ever received from his own party. The occasion was trivial enough—a move to increase the number of party vice-chairmen from two to four. Proponents of the scheme wanted to create a prominent party office for Karl Arnold, who had lately been ousted as the provincial premier of North Rhine-Westphalia when a coalition there broke up. The downfall of the coalition was not Arnold's fault; the men who overthrew him got on so acrimoniously they loudly declared that the foe they wanted to hit was not their good friend Arnold but his master, Konrad Adenauer. Perhaps because of this background, Adenauer opposed the motion to create two more vice-chairmanships.

To the astonishment of most people, including Adenauer himself, the Christian Democrats ignored their leaders' command, passed the motion and elected Arnold to one of the new vice-chairmanships. It was a small revolt but a significant one. A rebellion, not quite open but widespread, was noted among rank and file delegates.

"I don't give a damn about the vice-chairmanships. In fact I was against the idea," said one to a visiting diplomat, "but I'm delighted to see Konrad Adenauer brought down a peg."

It's hard to tell whether German voters too have lost confidence in *Der Alte*,

the Grand Old Man who led his party to such a decisive victory in 1953. A Free Democrat who still keeps in touch with his former colleagues, the Christian Democrats, told me that Adenauer's party supporters had lately announced an unpopular opinion poll. It showed, he said, that Adenauer's personal popularity had slipped two points below that of his party, whereas three years ago it was half as high again. The previous poll gave Adenauer the support of 67 percent of voters, his party only 42 percent. Now, according to this report, the party still has 42 percent but Adenauer only 40. However, German public opinion polls are notoriously unreliable and few bets are placed on the strength of them.

Whether or not the old man is slipping with the voters, no Christian Democrat would dare even wish to challenge him for the party leadership. He has said he would leave the party through the 1957 election if his health remains ~~poor~~ and therefore he is taken as final. The question is when then.

Regardless of leadership the Christian Democrats are, however certain to be the largest single group in West German parliaments. The reason is simple. West Germany is a most half-Roman Catholic country. Both the big opposition parties are strongly Protestant and anticlerical. Christian Democrats do not get all Roman Catholic votes, some go to splinter parties, and some Catholics are anticlerical themselves to the extent of wanting to keep the clergy well out of politics. But broadly speaking, the Roman Catholic vote goes to the Christian Democratic Union or to Roman Catholic splinters like the Zentrum (Centre) which is allied with the Christian Democrats. So the Christian Democrats can count on about forty percent of the West German vote. Only a major economic crisis would be likely to alter this and that seems remote in the smiling, prosperous Federal Republic.

But if Adenauer remains as Christian Democrat leader and the other two big parties refuse to work with him, his party could be sent into opposition by a governing partnership of Social Democrats

—Germany's labor party—and the Free Democrats who get their backing from rich industrialists.

This coalition of rich and poor is not as unlikely as it sounds. It is already a working fact in the provincial government of North Rhine-Westphalia, the Ontario of West Germany, a big industrial province that has almost one third of the West German population and more than half of its wealth. Social Democrats and Free Democrats have several things in common, none reassuring from the Western point of view.

One, and the deepest, is anticlericalism. The religious feud in Germany is as old as Martin Luther and its bitterness goes back beyond the Thirty Years War. It makes Protestants suspicious, not only of the men around Adenauer but of one of his leading ministers, a Roman Catholic like himself, but also of their policies.

One doctrine of the Christian Democrats is European unity, and to North Americans it sounds like the plainest, most enlightened common sense. But Germans have long memories. To them it brings echoes of the Holy Roman Empire in its heyday, when the Protestants of the Low Countries were subject to the bigoted kings of Roman Catholic Spain, and when the more devout, any more devout, of the emperors dreamed of a Christendom united under the empire and the Vatican.

Decision rests with the East

Not that anyone seriously believes that this dream has been revived into an actual threat. But the idea of co-operating Christian Democratic governments in Germany, the Netherlands, Belgium, France and Italy, however attractive in the context of the twentieth century, stirs up feelings in Germany that date back to the sixteenth.

Religious prejudice also has a bearing on another and much more important issue—the reunification of Germany.

For eleven years about one third of Germany's area and a quarter of her people have been captive in the Soviet bloc, ruled by a Communist puppet regime. All Germans without exception want this artificial split removed and Germany reunited under one sovereign government.

But all Germans know this can only be done by consent of the Soviet Union, obtained either directly or through an

agreement of the great powers. All therefore admit that this is a supremely difficult problem. No West Germans, and probably very few East Germans, want reunification at the price of slave-membership in the Communist bloc.

Even the people of East Germany would rather have things as they are now, said a Christian Democrat MP. Now the East Germans have at least a way of escape. They know that if life under the Communists becomes really intolerable they can get away to Berlin and join the West and freedom. No Pole, no Czech, no Hungarian has that privilege. It's a tremendous advantage it makes life in East Germany bearable.

So Adenauer and his Christian Democrats have taken a firm stand against direct negotiation with the Soviet Union or its puppets in East Germany. They say her alliance with the West is Germany's only strength, and that this is the very reason why the Russians, in spite of their might, cannot bargain with the Russians because she has no bargaining power—nothing to offer except her own freedom. Therefore, they say, we must leave the problem of reunification to our Western allies, and trust them to get it for us as soon as it can be got on acceptable terms. They alone are in a position to make a deal with Russia.

But however reasonable this may be it amounts in practice to a do-nothing policy. In any country a do-nothing policy is hard to defend, particularly when it means putting trust in foreigners. In Germany it also means patience in the face of a terrible urgency, because every passing year makes the problem of unification more difficult, more young people grow up who know nothing but the Communist faith, more workers have vested interests in collective farms and state-owned factories, more differences between the two fragments of Germany become accepted as part of normal living.

But all these difficulties are increased and further complicated by a suspicion that grows out of the religious feud. It's the doubt whether a predominantly Roman Catholic government is really wholehearted in its effort to unify Germany.

A united German democracy would be about two thirds Protestant and Roman Catholics would be politically feeble except in Bavaria, the German Quebec. But that part of Germany now captive in the Soviet bloc, and thus subtracted from the free German electorate, is almost entirely Protestant. This subtraction leaves West Germany nearly half Roman Catholic.

Because the Protestants are divided and the Roman Catholics relatively solid, the Roman Catholic fraction is the dominant one in West German politics. Protestants sometimes wonder, therefore, whether German Roman Catholics really yearn as they say they do for a unification that would destroy their political advantage.

I asked Thomas Dehler, the leader of the Free Democrats, if he suspected Adenauer and his Roman Catholic ministers of deliberate foot-dragging on the problem of reunification.

No," he said, "I don't suggest any such conscious intention. I do say there is a lack of energy and enthusiasm, a neglect of opportunities to press for reunification. Maybe the religious factor contributes to this lack of enthusiasm."

An official spokesman of the Social Democrats told me, "Foreign affairs, not domestic, are the biggest political issues in Germany today."

We see the present world situation as a deadlock which must somehow be broken," he continued. "To talk of free elections in East Germany is not realistic."



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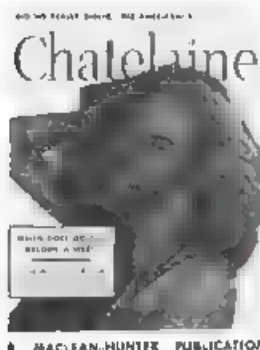
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tic. Everyone knows that nine out of ten East Germans would vote to join the West, but everybody knows that Russia won't allow that. Neither would the Western allies allow West Germany to go over to the Soviet bloc, even if she wanted to, which of course she doesn't.

Evidently then some other course, some middle way must be found to the reunification of Germany. We think West Germany ought to take the initiative in trying to find it.

How? By direct talks with the Russians?

"In our view Germany can only be unified as part of a general European settlement. We would try to achieve one. We would find out what Russia considers her minimum security requirements to be on what terms, if any, Russia would tolerate a free and united Germany.

Of course we would not abandon the North Atlantic Treaty. We spoke and voted against it in parliament. That's true, but now it is a signed treaty and we'd respect our country's word."

Christian Democrats are contemptuous of talks about direct negotiation with the Russians. They say it is either naïve or dishonest, and possibly both. They say no German government in its right mind would go to Moscow empty-handed and expect to come back with a deal favorable to Germany. They have not the slightest doubt that either Social Democrats or Free Democrats, in coalition with Christian Democrats, would forget about talking to Moscow and fall in with the present policy of standing firm by the Western alliance.

"Keep them weak and divided"

But in coalition with each other the opposition parties might have to act differently. Direct talks with Moscow will be a major campaign cry for both, and one of the few they will have in common. In power together they could hardly avoid some gesture toward carrying out this campaign promise.

With what result?

Certainly not the defection of Germany to the Soviet bloc. Frick Dillenburger the Social Democrat leader who would be chancellor in such a coalition, is an elderly orthodox, old-line trade unionist who is as firmly anti-Communist as any Christian Democrat. "He's even more conservative than Clement Attlee," an American in Bonn remarked rather sourly.

Nor is it likely that German reunification would be brought any closer. It's been a major topic at almost all meetings of the great powers in recent years, most notably at the second Geneva conference in the fall of 1955. Soviet Russia has refused, implacably, even to discuss the restoration of Germany to both unity and freedom. In London this spring Nikita Khrushchev, the Communist leader, asked Sir Anthony Eden:

"Why do you want to unify Germany anyway? Why strengthen the people who attacked both of us a few years ago? You ought to co-operate with us in keeping them weak and divided."

But Russians do not talk that way to Germans. East Berlin, the German Communist capital, is plastered with red-and-gold signs like "Long Live a United Germany." Another favorite is "Germans at One Table"—an appeal for direct negotiation between the Federal Republic in the West and the Communist regime which West Germany has so far refused to recognize.

It's all too easy to imagine the exchanges of minor concessions that the Russian apostles of coexistence might offer to a helpless Germany. Not reunification of course—but why not an

expansion of trade? Why should a free and sovereign Germany lose money by refusing to sell the so-called "strategic goods" that are banned by NATO. And why should Germany go to the last expense of rearming, if for instance, the Russians offer to reduce the forces of East Germany?

A shrewd American observer in Bonn summed up: "I don't think a social government would denounce the North Atlantic Treaty. I think they'd just stop doing much about it. I don't think they'd dissolve the new German army. I think they'd just freeze it at the hundred thousand or so it might have in uniform by election time. The Western alliance wouldn't exactly collapse; it would just rot."

That is the danger in a coalition of the German parties now in opposition. According to spokesmen of those parties such a coalition is probable if not inevitable so long as Konrad Adenauer leads the Christian Democrats. But if the obstacle of Adenauer's personality were removed, there are at least four Christian Democrats who could lead a new coalition with either the right or the left wing of the present Opposition.

Dr. Heinrich von Brentano, Adenauer's foreign minister, is the one most often mentioned. He is by far the best known abroad and seems to be best known at home. In a recent public-opinion poll, who should be Adenauer's successor, Brentano got three times as many votes as his nearest competitor. He's a bachelor of fifty-two who hates Communism as a work of Satan. One of his admirers said, "Brentano is certainly the leading candidate today to succeed Adenauer, but I am not sure he will make it. He is too shy and too timid to fight for it."

Fritz Schäfer, the minister of finance, is also a lawyer and also a Roman Catholic, but there all personal resemblance to Brentano ends. He is not shy, he is not timid, and he is certainly not conciliatory. Schäfer is probably the only man in Germany whose stubbornness is equal to Adenauer's own.

A most single-minded Schäfer has kept German taxes high and German credit tight at a time when everybody—even Adenauer at one point—was clamoring for an easier policy. He was finally forced to give way on the tax rate in this pre-election year when the German parliament unanimously voted a reduction.

Ludwig Erhard, minister of economic affairs, is the man who gets most credit for Germany's astonishing economic recovery. He had more than any one else to do with the currency reform of 1948 and with the bold gambles on free enterprise that have kept the German boom rolling ever since. Erhard is a popular figure but seems not to be regarded as a leading candidate for the chance-lushy.

Karl Arnold, the trade-union leader who headed the provincial government of North Rhine-Westphalia until a few months ago, is often mentioned as one Christian Democrat who could lead a coalition with the Social Democrats, his fellow labor men. His record as a provincial premier is good, if unspectacular.

Compared to the towering figure of Konrad Adenauer, especially as he has been built up in the eyes of his allies abroad, none of these men look impressive. None has the look of a Strong Man, none could even try to be a demagogue.

But maybe that's the most cheering thing of all about the new German democracy. For the first time since Bismarck's day the Germans—busy, prosperous, healthily disgruntled with their politicians but not too disenchanted with the whole—don't seem to want a Strong Man anymore. They feel strong themselves. ★

Mailbag

Wanted: a woodshed for teen-agers

Frank Tumpane in his article, Stop Pampering Our Smart-Aleck Teen-agers (May 26), has exposed an alarming situation. We must give serious thought to the degree to which teen-agers are allowed to roam the streets late at night, watch TV until midnight, and to their insolence when reprimanded.

These undisciplined youths have a champion in those who, not having the courage to make a decision, maintain that we behaved in a similar manner during our adolescence. They forget that when we did transgress we were smacked down to size. Good parents will continue to do this despite cheap advice by pseudo-psychologists. Believe me, the woodshed treatment still gives beneficial results. C. W. SMITH, PICTOU, N.S.

• So the younger generation is still going to the dogs! Why should teen-agers be considered children with regard



to their right to speak and have opinions, but be considered young adult criminals who should not be treated as children when they get into trouble? Generalization about teen-agers is dangerous and misleading. The group should not be condemned on the basis of the blatant minority. MRS. JOAN McGUIRE, TORONTO.

• The only question Tumpane didn't answer was how we can convince these people that they behave like morons. D. J. MACFARLANE, LONDON, ONT.

• From beginning to end, every word was true. MRS. B. ANDERSEN, CALGARY.

• We are sick of the moral cowardice of adults who allow these teen-agers to behave in the way they do. The time has come for reform. MAUD WATHERSTON, TORONTO.

• Mr. Tumpane feels that the years between thirteen and nineteen are no longer the years of preparation for manhood. He is wrong. You cannot make a child into a "yes sir, no sir," book-wormish teen-ager and expect to produce a man. A weak-kneed teen-ager today is a weak-kneed man tomorrow. JEAN GORDIN, WEST VANCOUVER, B.C.

The pros and sportsmanship

Roderick Haig-Brown is to be congratulated for the article, Why Must the Pros Spoil Every Sport? (May 12).

The lack of true sportsmanship in professional sports is a matter of morals—specifically of honesty and dishonesty,

greed and generosity. Where there is lack of appreciation of these there is inevitable decay in all departments of life, personal and national. R. W. S. SOULSBY, VICTORIA, B.C.

How to build a college

Bill Stephenson's article on Sir George Williams College (The College that's for Everyone, May 12) was a lively presentation of a lively institution. . . . Students would have liked Stephenson to have mentioned Professor Neil Compton who is successfully fighting polio and keeping in touch from his hospital bed. Until recently, the college was a ramshackle collection of rooms, labs and auditoriums. Under these conditions we worked hard for our *esprit de corps*. But not in vain. Professor Compton's devotion inspired students to raise over fifteen hundred dollars toward a new building to bring the students under one roof. JOSEPH COLUCCI, MONTREAL.

The fate of our northland

Ralph Allen's article, Will Dewline Cost Canada Its Northland? (May 26), is indeed humiliating reading for any Canadian who values his country's independence. . . . Mr. Allen has not mentioned one of the most serious aspects of the situation: by going into partnership with the United States in this project we have surrendered our freedom of action in case of war. No country at war with the United States would respect our neutrality. L. F. GRANT, KINGSTON, ONT.

• What is that thing called the RCAF Standard doing beside the U.S. national



flag? First, it's the Union Jack, then the Red Ensign, then the White Ensign, and now the Standard. . . . How can we blame the Yanks if they think we are a pretty mixed-up bunch, when we keep flying such an assortment of flags!!! G. B. KENNEDY, PRINCE ALBERT, SASK.

Another role for father

It's Time Father Got Back in the Family (May 12) presents John Nash's thesis convincingly. Conspicuous by its absence, however, is any mention of another important function better performed by men than women, namely Sunday-school teachers of boys' classes. W. S. BATE, SARNIA, ONT. ★

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Perils of a summer bachelor

The dog days are upon us once again and summer bachelors all over the land will soon be envying their fellow sufferer in Montreal who last year had the means and the desperation to advertise as follows in the Gazette:

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When police tried to arrest a rowdy in Listowel, Ont., and heave him into the cruiser he put up such a struggle the cop got the man's head in the door but couldn't push him any farther. A bystander suddenly opened the opposite door, shouting, "Hey, Mac — come on out this way." The prisoner made a leap through the cruiser but the conscientious citizen slammed the door in his face — by which time the cop was in after him and had him firmly pinned down in the back seat.

* * *

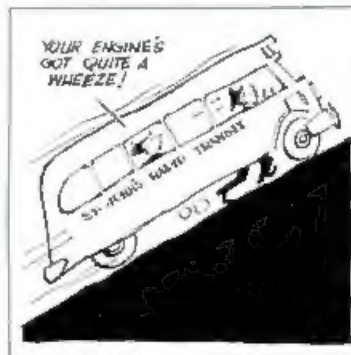
Family man in Montreal thought the children would get a big thrill out of a trip to the city's famous wax museum, but mother was entirely against it. She was sure their youngest, a boy of six, would be terrified by the scenes of the Romans throwing Christians to the lions. Well, father won this argument, insisting that the experience would be both interesting and inspirational for all the children, though mother was still mighty reluctant as they set off.

When the big moment came the young lad stared long and silently, then, sure



enough, in spite of all sorts of advance warnings and explanations about the scene being so much make-believe, he burst into tears. Father instantly got the 220-volt "I told you so" look from his wife as he gently picked the little fellow up and asked him what was the matter. Wildly waving toward the far corner of the cage, the boy sobbed, "One of them lions haven't got a Christian."

Public transportation in St. John's, Newfoundland, has been a constant headache to the city fathers ever since the war, with one system after another being tried to give city residents satisfaction. The latest was unveiled when the mayor called in the press to announce, according to one paper, that "in future new buses



operating in St. John's will have engines to enable units to give far better service in St. John's with its hilly terrain."

* * *

The Winnipeg family whose sleep was disturbed for weeks by the chirping of the world's noisiest but most elusive cricket, is catching up on its slumbers again, thank you. The problem was solved by a television show featuring a summer night's sequence that was filled with such authentic cricket songs that the sleep disturber popped out of hiding—and father was on him in one pounce.

* * *

The thousands of candid-camera fiends at this moment trying to catch Mother Nature's photogenic creatures off guard may take heart to know that professionals have their troubles too. This one was on safari in one of our national parks, accompanied by his wife, tracking down likely travel pictures for the tourist bureau back in Ottawa. Not a creature was stirring, so he decided to set up his camera by the roadside and get a shot of the first American car that came along, against a backdrop of breath-taking mountain scenery. But not a tourist was stirring either, as luck would have it, so finally he pressed his wife into service to snap the shutter as he drove his own car into the picture. Just as he drove slowly into range a deer ambled delicately across the road directly in front of him, setting up the perfect shot. "Did you get it?" he fairly screamed, after the deer had vanished again. "No!" retorted his wife angrily. "That darn deer was in the way."

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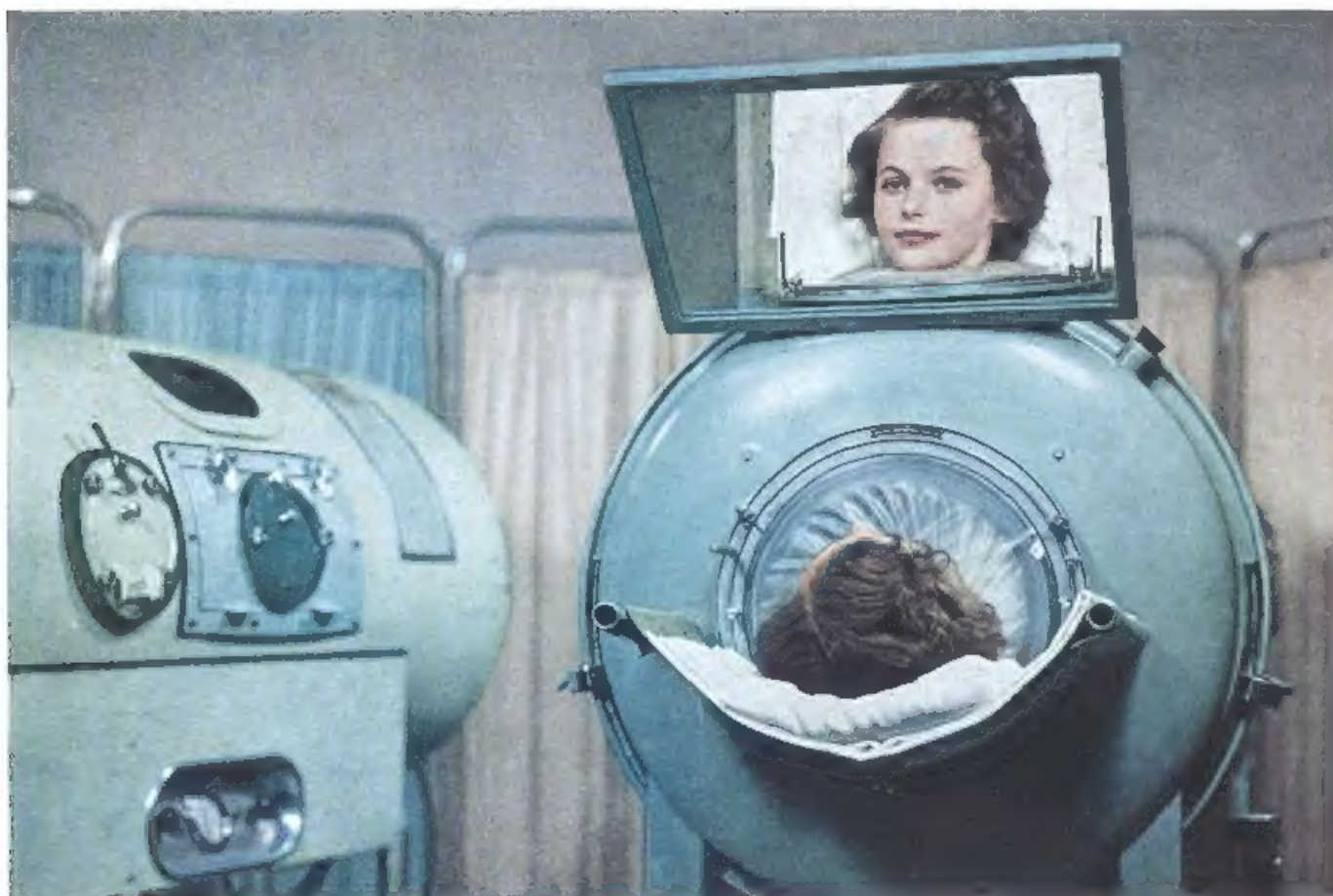
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